Race Theory
Protocols of the Elders of Berlin
ALTER BRODY

The Experts vs. Lindbergh
LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

Ohio's Changing Democrats
TED COX

Regarding Amendment 5
LEONARD B. BOUDIN

Eleutheria
A Short Story
NAOMI MITCHISON

The Letters of Lincoln Steffens
A Review by
MICHAEL GOLD

Abraham Lincoln Lives Again
A Review by
RUTH McKENNEY

Cartoons by Gropper, Redfield, Birnbaum, Richter, Others

ON THE COVER
Massey as Lincoln
TURN TO PAGE 27

NOV. 1, 1938

FIFTEEN CENT

NEW MASSES

B. VALLOTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

events of wide interest have
ı scheduled by NEW MASSES
all and early winter. From
· 13 to 27 the "We Like
art exhibition and sale will
t the ACA Gallery. This is
art show the magazine has
ed and the list of 100 con-
rs ensures its success.

c for this year's NEW MASSES
ill be provided by the Savoy
. The date is December 3 and
ce Webster Hall.

December 23 we will sponsor
ening of American Negro Mu-
'From Spirituals to Swing," in
egie Hall. Numerous individual
cians and groups will take part,
the swing band of Count Basie
be featured.

n New Year's Eve NEW MASSES
sponsor a preview of the Group
eatre's production of Irwin Shaw's
v play, *Gentle People,* starring
nchot Tone. Tickets will be sold
t regular box-office prices.

e Martha Graham recital up-
of eight hundred people were
away from the box-office for
f accommodations. We feel it
ary to mention this so that
rs who wish to attend the affairs
above will be able to plan
l by making reservations now.
Tiba Garlin at NEW MASSES,
edonia 5-3076.

orks by leading American and
ign artists will be auctioned at
ACA Gallery, Sunday afternoon,
ber 30, for the benefit of the
Leider Home for Spanish refu-
children; the auctioneers will be
a McKenney, Philip Evergood,
Glintenkamp, and Emanuel Eisen-
g. Among the contributing artists
outstanding representatives of the
lern French school of painting,
man, Mexican, and Spanish art-
and Americans such as Arnold
ich, Emptage, Evergood, Harry
tlieb, George Grosz, Abraham
riton, Joe Jones, Reginald Marsh,
es Soyer, Stuyvesant Van Veen,
Harry Wickey. Their work is
on display at the gallery. The
bition and auction are under the
ices of the Ben Leider Memorial
d.

rving Shapiro of New York
objects to Owen Burke's re-
w (in our October 18 issue)
Martha Graham's dance recital,
erican Document. "Boy, oh boy!"
tes Mr. Shapiro. "How Owen
ke went off the deep end. 'Migra-
workers,' 'increasing ranks of
s,' 'streams of refugees,' 'rebel-
of reason against tyranny,' 'lack
security,' 'increasing class-con-
ousness,' 'will to democracy.' And
ad thought we had left those days
ever.

dance that tries to sing democ-
, that speaks Jefferson and Lin-
deserves our immediate and
re support. More so, indeed,
ı Graham dances it. But where
waddle about 'a magnificent
—compelling, demanding . . .'
Burke knows that not a single,
soul was moved emotionally,
tellectually, to applaud when
n point, the goal of the dance
ched. . . .

words were good, but in-
lly related. The dance move-
s fine, up to Graham's stand-

Between Ourselves

ard, and at times highly pleasing. But who dares say it was related to what was being spoken. . . . I'm not 'begging' for pantomime. But I absolutely reserve the right to criticize any dance on the basis of what it seeks to do and what it actually accomplishes. Even Martha Graham can fail to reach home plate. . . ."

Earl Browder will speak on the 1938 elections over Station WMCA, Tuesday, November 1, at 8:45 p.m. His address is one in the series of fifteen-minute programs that the New York State Communist Party is broadcasting over WMCA during the election campaign. Other speakers for this week are: Phillip David, Thursday, October 27, 8:45 p.m.—"Defeat Anti-Semitism in the '38 Elections"; Simon W. Gerson, Friday, October 28, 9:30 p.m.—"The Tammany Tiger's Last Whine"; Peter V. Cacchione, Saturday, October 29, 9:30 p.m.—"Defeat the Kelly-Tammany Machines"; Ella Reeve Bloor, Sunday, October 30, noon—"Mothers—Vote Progressive to Protect Your Children"; Henry G. Forbes, Monday, October 31, 8:45 p.m.—"Vote for Democracy and Peace"; James W. Ford, Wednesday, November 2, 8:45 p.m.—"Who Are the Friends of the Negro People?"

The League of American Writers has added another short-story writing course to its Writers School, to take care of the overflow of applicants for the other short-story classes. Millen Brand, novelist, whose story, "When You Speak [illegible]" appeared in last week's NEW MASSES, is conducting the course.

THIS WEEK

NEW MASSES, VOL. XXIX, No. 6

November 1, 1938

War by Race Theory *by Alter Brody* 3
The Experts vs. Lindbergh *by Lucien Zacharoff* 6
Ohio's Changing Democrats *by Ted Cox* 8
Dream *A Poem by Alvin Foote* 9
Editorial Comment 11
Not Too Busy to Write *by Robert Forsythe* 14
Regarding Amendment 5 *by Leonard B. Boudin* . . . 15
Eleutheria *A Short Story by Naomi Mitchison* 19
Readers' Forum 21

REVIEW AND COMMENT

Lincoln Steffens *by Michael Gold* 22
China Reborn *by Philip J. Jaffe* 23
Spender's Verse-Play *by Richard H. Rovere* 23
The Nazi Assault on Culture *by Margaret Schlauch* . . 24
Genuflections Before Trotsky *by John Stuart* 25
Magazines *by John Aiken* 26

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Abraham Lincoln Lives Again *by Ruth McKenney* . . . 27
History and Mr. Zanuck *by James Dugan* 29
The Music Begins *by John Sebastian* 30
An Honest Camera Eye *by Elizabeth Noble* 31

Art work by B. Valloton (cover), Ad Reinhardt, Soriano, Mischa Richter, A. Birnbaum, Arthur Getz, Gropper, Ben Yomen, A. Ajay, A. Redfield, Colin Allen, Helen Ludwig, Fred Ellis, Charles Martin.

Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1938, WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC. Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies, 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers and artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Who's Who

ALTER BRODY's writings have appeared in NEW MASSES, the *Nation,* the *New Republic,* and other journals. He is the author of a one-act play, *Lamentations,* and a volume of poetry, *A Family Album.* . . . Lucien Zacharoff is a frequent commentator on international aeronautic affairs for leading American and European newspapers, magazines, and technical journals, including the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune,* the Baltimore *Sun,* the North American Newspaper Alliance, *Sportsman Pilot, Aviation, Aero Digest, Air Review* (London), and *Die Stunde* (Vienna). . . . Ted Cox is Cleveland correspondent for the Federated Press. This is the third of his articles on Ohio to appear in NEW MASSES. . . . Leonard B. Boudin is a New York labor lawyer. . . . Naomi Mitchison, author of *We Have Been Warned,* is an English novelist who has contributed to NEW MASSES before. . . . Philip J. Jaffe is managing editor of the magazine *Amerasia.* . . . Margaret Schlauch is an associate professor of English at New York University and an editor of *Science and Society.* . . . John Stuart collaborated with Bruce Minton in writing *Men Who Lead Labor.* . . . A volume of Alvin Foote's poems will be published shortly.

Flashbacks

NO GOOSESTEPPING parades will mark the twentieth anniversary of a portentous event in Germany's history. On Nov. 3, 1918, workers began throwing off the form of tyranny under which they then suffered. That day the sailors at Kiel left their ships in a body, joined forces with the workers, and formed a Workers and Soldiers Council. The German revolution had begun. . . . And in Germany neither Air Minister Goering nor gosling-paced Lindbergh will mark the anniversary, November 1, of a great air achievement. In 1929 the plane *Land of the Soviets* taxied to a stop at Curtiss Airport, completing its Moscow-to-New York flight. . . . Said Bill Haywood of events in the state of Washington, Sunday, Nov. 5, 1916: "The Seattle branches of the IWW decided to send a number of their members to Everett to establish free speech and the right to organize. They chartered the vessel *Verona* and a sister ship and started. When the *Verona* reached the wharf the workers aboard were met with a volley of rifle shots fired by deputy sheriffs and gunmen from an ambush. Five members of the IWW were killed, many wounded." . . . On Oct. 29, 1920, Charles E. Ruthenberg, left-wing Socialist who later became a Communist leader, said to the New York court sentencing him to from five to ten years in Sing Sing: "I accept the sentence in the spirit of defiance, realizing that I go to prison because of support of a great principle that will triumph in spite of all the courts, in spite of all organizations of the capitalist class."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

War by Race Theory

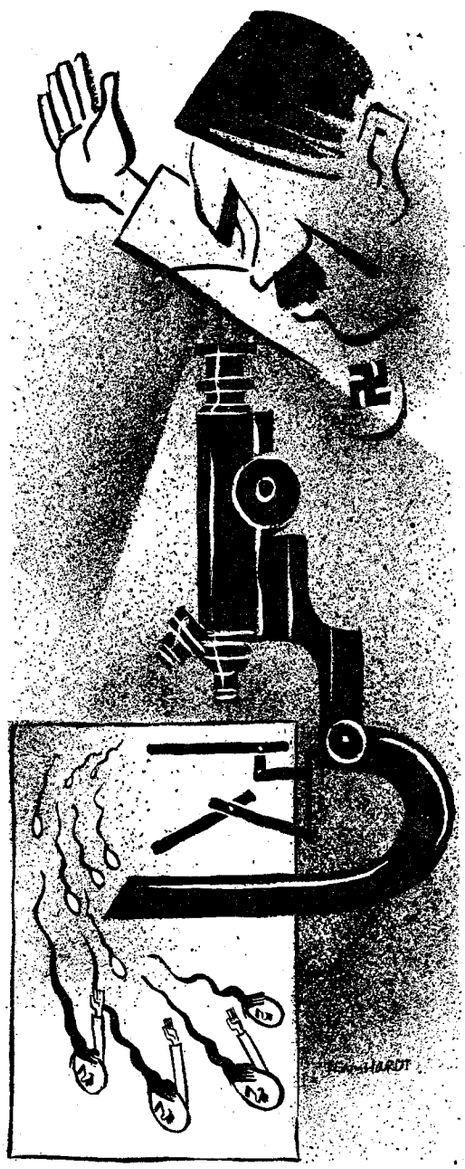
The Protocols of the Elders of Berlin

ALTER BRODY

We approach the problem . . . not merely from a political and military but also from an ethnological point of view.—PROF. EWALD BANSE *(Raum und Volk im Weltkriege)*.

ETHNOLOGICAL warfare is not as novel as bacteriological or chemical warfare. It is as ancient as the sling and the blowgun but it promises to play a very original role in the Becoming War. What the fascists can do with it has already been demonstrated in the partition of Czechoslovakia. But that is only the opening gun in the ethnological campaign. With a little original research—and Nazi ethnological research is nothing if not original—all of Europe can be turned into one vast Czechoslovakia, composed of detachable, ethnic, pseudo-ethnic, and lingual blocks capable of numerous political permutations. Using the crowbar of "self-determination," any of the apparently solid national structures of Europe can be pried loose and the bricks rearranged to suit the new fascist landlords. It may be safely predicted, therefore, that the fascists, in the not too distant future, will find wider fields of usefulness for "self-determination" and in quarters that may put the generosity of their friends in England and France to considerable strain.

The Game of Checkerslovakia. Let us imagine, for instance, that Chamberlain has his wish and Franco triumphs in Spain. It would not be very difficult for Franco's Italian and German backers to inspire the Spanish führer with a burning passion to liberate his suffering Basque and Navarrese brothers on the other side of the Pyrenees in the Basque provinces of France. Or he might discover that Catalan is related to the Provençal dialect of southern France and deduce therefrom that Marseilles would fit nicely into a Greater Catalonia. The Italians have never forgotten that Corsica is Italian, nor have many of the Corsicans. It would be even easier for them to remember that Savoy and Nice are the ancestral domains of their royal House of Savoy and were the nuclei of the present kingdom of Italy. Savoy and Nice were ceded to France in 1860, only ten years before Alsace-Lorraine was ceded to Germany, and border provinces have a way of changing hands. There is, of course, no need to worry



Ad Reinhardt

about Alsace-Lorraine—hasn't Hitler solemnly renounced all claim to it?—just as he had solemnly denied any intentions of annexing Austria in 1934, and promised that he would not intervene in Czechoslovakia's internal affairs, only six months ago.

Nevertheless, on the wall maps of Nazi military schools, the frontier of the Third Reich includes not only Alsace-Lorraine but all of northern France as far south as Amiens because "it was formerly German-speaking," and all of eastern France as far west as Lyons "for military reasons." For the same "military reasons" the Nordic population of northern France, which Nazi ethnology considers France's warrior caste, is destined to be transported "to an eastern Germany of the future" (the Ukraine?) "where they will soon become Germanized." And finally, there is Brittany, where the separatist movement became so treasonably vocal during the Czechoslovak crisis that the police had to take severe measures. In other words, when the learned fascist ethnographers get through with the map of France, the plump Gallic cock (or would it be more appropriate to call it a capon after Daladier's little operation?) might bear a startling resemblance to the vermiform body of poor, little, writhing Czechoslovakia.

An English Version of Checkerslovakia. Nor are the smug countrymen of Chamberlain insured against ethnographic surgery at the hands of deft Berlin specialists. Already there have been nudges in the Irish press that the principles so piously proclaimed at Munich should be applied by Britain at home. By which the Hibernians mean, of course, that they should be permitted to "unite" with their brethren in Ulster. The Scotch and the Welsh nationalities have preserved their identities almost as well as the Irish. Hitherto, they have been contented guests at the imperial banquet table. But the once groaning board of British imperialism is getting rickety. The meals are not what they used to be.

So, when England shall have sacrificed her last Czechoslovakia (i.e., France) and the Nazi wolf is still unappeased and the Scotch and the Welsh are asked to fight for the "empire"—perhaps the Scotch and the Welsh may decide that they too will buy "peace at any price," by sacrificing their depreciated shares in British Imperialism, Ltd. It could not have escaped the attention of the canny Scots that during the recent war scare, many Englishmen sent their wives and children to independent Ireland for safety.

And that would not exhaust the possibilities of "self-determination" in the tight little isle. There are the Cornish of Cornwall,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who might declare their neutrality and unite themselves with their Breton brothers in France in a Greater Brittany. What then remains of England will be purely Anglo-Saxon and will be eligible for coordination in the Third Reich as part of the province of Saxony. As a well known Nazi professor of military science gloatingly remarks: "It gives us pleasure to think that this seemingly invincible nation which was last conquered in 1066 will once more obey a foreign master."

The Democracies Have Not Fought Back. It may be countered that "self-determination" is a game that two can play at, but the democracies have been handicapped in the game at the start. No one in totalitarian Germany could have interrupted Hitler while he was weeping on the radio over the sufferings of the German minority in Chechoslovakia, to remind him that the Jewish minority in Germany was also undergoing some discomfort. Nor is it possible to imagine Bavarian or Rhenish or Austrian separatists functioning freely in Nazi Germany as Alsatian and Breton separatists are permitted to function in democratic France. When Mussolini brazenly declared just before the Munich conference that "self-determination was the solution to Europe's problems," he was sure that no one would remind him about South Tyrol or Ethiopia.

The fascist attitude toward "self-determination" is similar to his much misunderstood attitude toward pacifism—both are *a good thing for the enemy.* And the democratic enemy is decidedly vulnerable to this form of attack. The reactionary accomplices of fascism seize on it as a moral camouflage to cover up their treasonable capitulations. The very same tory circles in England and France that as recently as 1931 prevented democratic Austria from forming a customs union with democratic Germany suddenly see the "injustice" of preventing Nazi Germany from swallowing Austria by force. The diplomats who tried to cripple democratic Germany with the infamous Polish Corridor can be very understanding of Hitler's desire to "free" the Sudeten German minority in Czechoslovakia even though it has meant the enslavement of the Czech majority. The ruthless French and British imperialists who imposed an impossible indemnity on democratic Germany with the idea of turning the German workers into their European coolies—these very people are now so willing to move over so that Hitler can have "a place in the sun."

On the other hand, some of the forces of the left are honestly confused by this "self-determination" issue. For fifteen years before Hitler's advent to power, theirs was the only voice in the victorious countries which was raised against the iniquities of Versailles and for the oppressed minorities which it created. Naturally, some are bewildered when their own slogans are pointed against them. For instance, during the recent crisis H. V. Kaltenborn, liberal foreign commentator of the Columbia Broadcasting System, felt called upon to concede, apropos of the demands of Hitler's Hungarian allies, "that Hungary had been very shabbily treated in the post-war settlement." Had Mr. Kaltenborn been acquainted with *all* instead of some of the facts concerning Hungary's treatment, he might have spared his sympathy.

The Brest-Litovsk Pot and the Versailles Kettle. The present map of Central Europe is largely the product of the Versailles treaty and its ancillaries, the treaties of St. Germain and Trianon. Radicals of all shades rightly denounced the Versailles treaty and fought for its peaceful revision. But for the sake of political clarity it is necessary to recollect just what features of the Versailles treaty they were denouncing. Certainly, they were not in favor of restoring the pre-war status on the Danube in which a German and Magyar minority oppressed a Slav majority. Certainly, they were not denouncing Versailles in favor of Brest-Litovsk, which was a sample of the kind of "self-determination" the Junkers would have bestowed on Europe had they won.

When radicals denounced the Versailles treaty they meant: the attempt to keep Germany in permanent economic bondage by impossible indemnities, the amputation of Germany by the Polish Corridor, the unilateral disarming of Germany, the prevention of the then mutually desired *Anschluss* between democratic Germany and democratic Austria. These were the inexcusable evils of Versailles and the roots of Hitler's rise to power.

But the Versailles partition of the Hapsburg empire was, with certain exceptions, a long overdue necessity though it was no permanent solution. The real solution of Central European nationality problems is a Danubian federation along the lines of the Soviet Union, where even more numerous and diverse nationalities are organized into a harmonious economic and political whole. Such a state would not only solve the problems of small nationalities which are economically interdependent but of many ethnological islands such as the Transylvania Germans and Magyars, who are separated from their homelands by the territory of other nationalities. The USSR is dotted with such autonomous ethnological islands, including a German republic on the banks of the Volga. The alternative, in a capitalist world, was the carving out of independent states corresponding as much as possible to existing ethnographic lines.

Soriano

Poland and Self-Determination. The only one of the Versailles states which flagrantly violates the principle of self-determination is Poland. The entire eastern half of Poland is non-Polish, populated for the most part by people of Russian stock (Ukrainian, White Russian, and Ruthenian). But that cannot be laid at the door of Versailles. An attempt was made to keep Poland within ethnographic bounds at the Peace Conference but the then recently liberated Polish ruling class was already dreaming of enslaving other peoples.

The treaty stipulated a plebiscite in Upper Silesia. When the vote went in Germany's favor, a Polish "volunteer corps" was organized and half the province was seized by force. The treaty unjustly gave Poland a mandate over East Galicia but, mindful of the fact that it was predominantly Ukrainian, stipulated a plebiscite after a term of years, as in the Saar Basin. The Poles annexed the province and forgot about the plebiscite.

The Poles pretended to be bitter at the Czechs for taking the Teschen district while they were "busy fighting the Bolsheviks." But the Poles were "busy fighting the Bolsheviks" because the Bolsheviks were busy fighting Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel. As a result of this unprovoked invasion, half of White Russia and a large part of Ukraine was wrested from Russia. In 1923 a Polish "volunteer corps" rounded out the present eastern boundary of Poland by seizing the province of Vilna from Lithuania. Similarly the seizure of Bessarabia by Rumania was an act not initiated at Versailles, though it was later recognized by the Allied Supreme Council as were the Polish conquests.

It is worthwhile lingering over these facts. Because if any *irredentas* have been created in the post-war period and any nation has a right to clamor for redress, it is Soviet Russia which should be heard from, far louder than Germany.

Minority Problems Versus Majority Problems. There has been a lot of commiseration because Vienna, the political and economic head of an empire of 52,000,000, was decollated from its trunk and Austria reduced to a little country of six millions. Mr. Kaltenborn felt that Hungary was given a raw deal because two-thirds of its area and population was shorn from it. But the empire of which Vienna and Budapest were joint capitals was a partnership of two exploiting nations—Austria, where ten million Germans dominated 21,000,000 Czechs, Poles, Ukrainians, Italians, and Yugoslavs—and Hungary, where nine million Magyars dominated twelve million Slovaks, Ruthenians, Rumanians, and Yugoslavs. The subject races were concen-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trated in indigenous homelands on the periphery of the main German and Magyar territories. Inevitably large enclaves and islands of the German and Magyar masters radiated into the peripheral subject provinces. When these subject provinces were joined together to form the new or enlarged Central European states, the far-flung enclaves and islands of the German and Magyar masters became minority problems.

But it must be emphasized that the present minority problems are a result of the abolition of the former majority problems.

The ethics of the transactions can be expressed mathematically:

$$\frac{30{,}000{,}000}{7{,}000{,}000}$$

or thirty million Slavs and Rumanians over seven million Germans and Magyars in the ceded provinces instead of the former, inverse ratio. Here again, because Russia was an outcast at Versailles, the Russians are the most legitimate plaintiffs. Ukrainian East Galicia was given to Poland, Transcarpathian Russia (Ruthenia) was given to Czechoslovakia, and Ukrainian Bukovina was given to Rumania. In none of the provinces that were excised from Austria or Hungary were the Germans or Magyars a majority.

A. Birnbaum

"When shall we four meet again?"

There is, of course, no such province as the mythical Sudethia which the Nazis gerrymandered in the historic Austrian provinces of Bohemia and Moravia. The German minorities scattered throughout these provinces could not be joined to Germany without dragging the Czech majority with them and that is just what is happening. The same holds true of Hungarian minorities in Slovakia, Transylvania, and Banat annexed by Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Yugoslavia respectively. What Hungary has forgotten is that there is a German minority in Hungary and if it should ever want to join the Reich, the Magyar majority will have to follow willy-nilly.

Protocols of the Elders of Berlin. What are the ultimate objectives of these ethnological campaigns?

Mussolini has stated his aims and they are comparatively modest: merely the restoration of the old Roman empire.

But the Nazi aims are even more ambitious and they make no secret of them. Reading the eschatological works of the Nazi ideologists and military strategists, one is haunted by a feeling of having come across these fantasies before. Suddenly it comes to mind. The Protocols of the Elders of Zion! Psychologists are familiar with the mechanism of projection. The declared aims of the Nazi theoreticians turn out to be nothing less than the realization by the German race of the very same plot which Nazi propaganda imputes to "international Jewry." We are confronted with an international Nazi plot, directed from Berlin and supported by German minorities throughout the world, to seize control of the planet. The Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis is merely an intermediate step to a Berlin hub of which all the nations of the earth includ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing the "negroid Italians" and the yellow "Prussians of Asia" will be subordinate spokes.

The world has already been divided by Nazi strategists into three areas, corresponding to the three stages of their road to world dominion. The first is the German racial area, whose consolidation we are now witnessing. In addition to the present area of the Reich, it includes Danzig, the Polish Corridor, Schleswig, Switzerland (70 percent German-speaking), Holland, and the eastern half of Belgium called Low German on Nazi maps, and "Swabian" Alsace-Lorraine. The leader of the Alsatian "autonomists" recently assured the Paris press that he is merely for "regionalism" and "Franco-German cooperation." This soothing declaration should have a very ominous ring in French ears. It is the very platform on which the Henlein movement was launched in Czechoslovakia.

The second area is called the German political area. This consists of all territories where there are German settlements. This takes in an area as far east as the Volga, where a large German colony was planted during the reign of Catherine; as far west as Milwaukee (Americans may be interested to know that the Nazis envision a German-Scandinavian state between the Ohio and the Great Lakes), and as far south as Chile and Dutch (Low German) South Africa.

The third area is called the German cultural area. Since all the world's culture, past and present, according to Nazi theories is of Nordic origin, this area takes in all the rest of the globe not fortunate enough to be included in the other two areas. Under such a definition, even Japan would fit in nicely in the German cultural area.

The Nazis disclaim any intention of building a colonial empire. A careful perusal of Nazi authorities convinces one that they are not immediately aiming at an overseas empire of colored races along the lines of Britain and France. The Nazis first mean to carve out their Indias, their Chinas, their Africas right in Europe out of their present neighbors, whom they are ideologically preparing for their fate by dubbing them "negroid" and "mongolian."

However, when the third and final Messianic stage is attained and the whole earth is a German cultural area, the Nazi Brahmins hope to coordinate the world into an eternal racial caste system, graded according to color, with the Aryans on top—like the caste system that their aboriginal ancestors established in India.

★

"Bought and Paid"

THE complaint of his admirers has been, in most cases, that we have arbitrarily denied Mr. Orton the right of free speech. They forget, it appears, that it was not a matter of free speech, but of bought and paid speech. Mr. Orton was not writing for love only; we paid him to write.—EDITORIAL *in Rutland, Vt., "Herald" concerning firing of anti-fascist columnist, Vrest Orton.*

The Experts vs. Lindbergh

How Strong Is the Soviet Air Force?

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

EVEN NEW MASSES, commenting in last week's issue on the controversy precipitated by Colonel Lindbergh's disparaging remarks about Soviet air strength and flying personnel, dwells solely on the political aspects, ignoring the vital aeronautical issues involved.

But it is not all-important that from choice or necessity Lindbergh has become a cog in the Chamberlain-Hitler axis and last week was rewarded with a decoration at the hands of Reich Air Minister Hermann Goering. Henry Ford, too, received a medal from the Nazis; similar rewards are meted from time to time by Hitler and Mussolini to other Americans who make economic or political contributions to the fascist cause.

What interests the world most in the Lindbergh incident is: How accurate was his estimate of the aviation branch of the Soviet Union's defense forces? What are the facts behind the open letter signed by the foremost Soviet aviators which branded as an unadulterated lie his remark that Germany's *Luftwaffe* is stronger than the combined air armadas of England, France, Czechoslovakia, and the USSR? This, together with the colonel's intimation that of all the air forces in Europe the Soviet is probably the poorest in equipment and quality of manpower, is of immediate practical concern.

Neither Lindbergh nor any of those who have rallied to his defense has denied that he made the remarks in question. His champions are, rather, attempting to justify the charges made by him. A typical and most "competent" effort in this direction by Major Al Williams, Scripps-Howard aviation editor, was front-paged in bold-face type by the New York *World-Telegram.* It is to be doubted whether a single responsible and informed person in American aviation circles took that article seriously, compounded as it was of ignorance, gratuitous insults, and "facts" that would not be dignified by the name of "rumor" even in Riga.

The Williams fulmination flatly contradicted the information which the most reputable technical and trade journals here and abroad have published about Soviet aviation in the past three years. The only authority cited by Williams was C. G. Grey, of London, long notorious for his unconcealed sympathies with Hitler, Mussolini, and Franco, a sworn foe of the Soviet regime. Grey weekly smears his reactionary views, including attacks on Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and other progressives here and in England, across the pages of the viciously opinionated *Aeroplane.*

On the other hand, testimony refuting the Lindbergh calumny comes from the most authoritative sources in every aeronautically important nation—including Germany, Italy, and Japan! Of course, it would be easy to make Lindbergh confound himself out of his own mouth by recalling his ecstatic remarks about Soviet flying machines and the people who take them aloft, made only a scant few weeks before he put himself into the Nazi harness. But it is best to call on the universally accepted experts for testimony on the subject.

As early as 1936, Louis Breguet, the veteran airplane designer and member of a French technical mission, on his return to Paris spoke glowingly of the five thousand aircraft then produced annually in the Soviet Union, of high-grade aero engines, and of 200,000 well trained persons working in the industry in three shifts.

About the same time, in none too friendly Japan, the Tokyo *Asahi* published an article by Colonel Hata, chief of the War Ministry's press section and former military attaché in Moscow, which paid an unqualified tribute to advances in Soviet aeronautical technology. And the British-owned *Peking and Tientsin Times* quoted foreign military commentators to the effect that "perhaps" the Red Air Force was the most capable in Europe.

British, French, and Italian generals heading their countries' military missions to the annual maneuvers in the Kiev Military District in 1936, long before the present level of perfection was reached by the Soviet aerial fighters, all went on record with the overwhelming impressions they had received of the equipment and its tactical operations.

But the most vigorous lie given to Lindbergh comes from the Air Ministry of the Third Reich and bears a very recent 1938 dateline. Capt. Fischer von Poturzyn, well known military specialist of the ministry, in a book called *Air Powers,* published last summer with the benediction of the highest German authorities, declares that "The Soviet Union possesses by far the strongest and most powerful air fleet." With engaging candor the author confides:

> Russia, thanks to the extent of her territories, the situation of its administrative and industrial centers, and the fact that the population is not dense, is hardly vulnerable to enemy air attacks despite all progress made by our air fleet.

Military experts tend to face facts. Captain von Poturzyn continued:

> By reason of its geographical and political situation the southern frontier cannot be considered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in any sort of danger, and the northern frontier, as a result of the Arctic situation, is absolutely beyond possibility of attack. As a result, the only possible directions for an attack are relatively restricted areas which are separated from us by distances so immense that fear of intervention by whole enemy air squadrons would be unjustified.

The military and geographical conditions of the Far East give a favorable internal defense line to the Russian forces.

Must one evaluate the actual strength of the Russian air force at ten thousand or five thousand planes? In any case one thing seems certain and that is that in the comparative scale of forces of the European air fleets Russia is by far the strongest and most powerful and she has a very capable industry and inexhaustible reservoirs in the Russian population.

Figures concerning the capacity of heavy and light bombers, observation planes, and pursuit ships are extremely favorable, and such exploits as those of 1937, the flights to the Pole, prove that Soviet Russia has made a big advance over other countries in airplane construction.

In the course of 1937 ten thousand pilots were trained. It also seems that a shortage of pilots is an impossibility. The large number of pilots available is due in the first place to the Osoaviakhim organization which covers the whole of the Soviet Union.

These extracts from the German book are an understatement of the prevailing opinions of Soviet aviation in Europe's flying circles. The German commentators always tend, for obvious reasons, to obscure and belittle Soviet achievements.

Ample evidence of the manifold accomplishments of Soviet aeronautics has been recorded year after year by this writer in *Aero Digest, Aviation,* the *Sportsman Pilot, Popular Aviation, Flying Aces,* the New York *Times,* Brooklyn *Daily Eagle,* for the North American Newspaper Alliance, and other journals and syndicates throughout the world. In many instances, the editorial policy of the publications has been violently anti-Soviet but, particularly in the case of aviation magazines, the editors knew that unimpeachably documented articles were what their readers in the industry demanded.

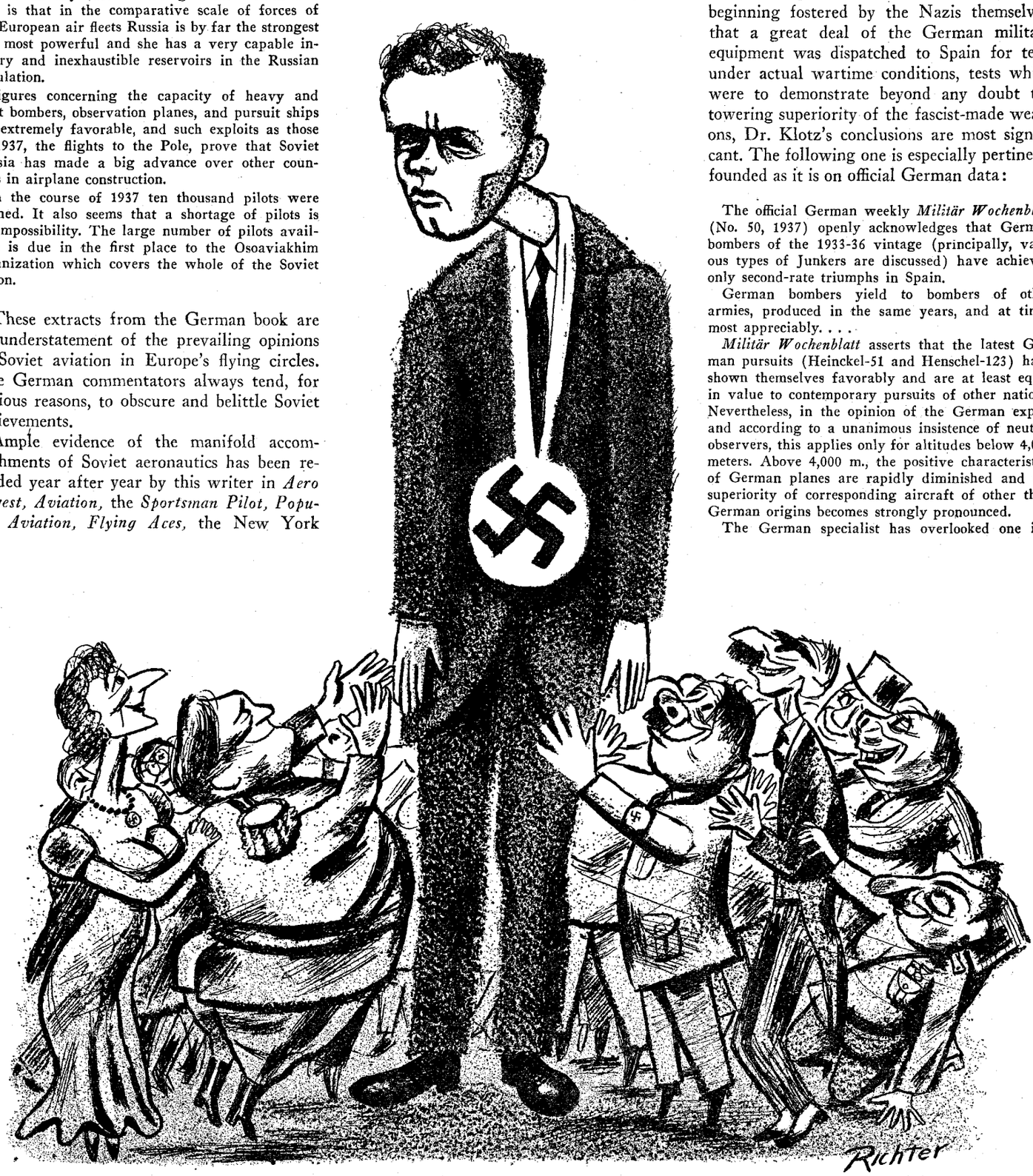
As for Lindbergh's awe of the Nazi air force, international authorities, as reputable as those who are at variance with him on the Soviet air status, do not share his admiration. Dr. Helmuth Klotz, a former officer in the German navy, who has written several analytical studies of Nazi Germany, has recently published in France a work entitled *Lessons of the Civil War in Spain.* In it, on the basis of reliable reports by foreign military observers, Dr. Klotz examines the operation of aviation, tanks, and anti-aircraft and anti-tank defense in Spain. In view of the belief, in the beginning fostered by the Nazis themselves, that a great deal of the German military equipment was dispatched to Spain for tests under actual wartime conditions, tests which were to demonstrate beyond any doubt the towering superiority of the fascist-made weapons, Dr. Klotz's conclusions are most significant. The following one is especially pertinent, founded as it is on official German data:

The official German weekly *Militär Wochenblatt* (No. 50, 1937) openly acknowledges that German bombers of the 1933-36 vintage (principally, various types of Junkers are discussed) have achieved only second-rate triumphs in Spain.

German bombers yield to bombers of other armies, produced in the same years, and at times most appreciably. . . .

Militär Wochenblatt asserts that the latest German pursuits (Heinckel-51 and Henschel-123) have shown themselves favorably and are at least equal in value to contemporary pursuits of other nations. Nevertheless, in the opinion of the German expert and according to a unanimous insistence of neutral observers, this applies only for altitudes below 4,000 meters. Above 4,000 m., the positive characteristics of German planes are rapidly diminished and the superiority of corresponding aircraft of other than German origins becomes strongly pronounced.

The German specialist has overlooked one im-



"Hero" Mischa Richter

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portant circumstance: High speeds of German and Italian pursuits have been attained at the expense of the sturdiness of their construction. Virtually every forced landing resulted in a crackup of the airplanes of this type. The fragility of these models came out particularly during landings (normal and forced) outside the regular airdrome. This must be charged to the shortcomings of design. Landings outside the airdrome practically without exception lead to the crash of the plane and perdition of its crew.

Dr. Klotz fails to add that the inefficiency of Nazi aircraft above 4,000 meters is a fatal handicap because the ceiling of all types of military planes is being rapidly extended towards the stratosphere, where greater speed and safety are possible. The author does quote the military editor of the London *Times* to the effect that German bombers fare poorly by comparison with foreign makes of corresponding years. They appear antiquated in many respects, notably in their armament.

★

A Professional Is . . .

EXEMPTION of professionals from the provisions of the Wages-and-Hours Act, which became effective October 24, raised a question: What is a professional? The administrators of the act, however, furnished the answer. A professional is any employee who is customarily and regularly engaged in work:

(1) Predominantly intellectual and varied in character as opposed to routine mental, manual, mechanical, or physical work.

(2) Requiring the consistent exercise of discretion and judgment both as to the manner and time of performance, as opposed to work subject to active direction and supervision.

(3) Of such a character that the output produced or the result accomplished cannot be standardized in relation to a given period of time.

(4) Based upon educational training in a specially organized body of knowledge as distinguished from a general academic education and from an apprenticeship and from training in the performance of routine mental, manual, mechanical, or physical processes in accordance with a previously indicated or standardized formula, plan, or procedure.

And [any employee] who does no substantial amount of work of the same nature as that performed by non-exempt employees of the employer.

★

On Public Funds

THE kind of testimony the Dies committee is accepting was made plain at a recent hearing involving several automobile workers. Ralph Knox, a former UAW local president, described Jay Lovestone as "a Jew, but a high-class Jew, not like the cheap kikes we have here in Detroit." He described the three Ruether brothers as "harebrained Socialists, the most revolutionary and dangerous type, lowbred Socialists that first-class Socialists wouldn't even look at." The Fisher No. 1 plant in Flint, Knox said, was "always a white man's plant," and he described radicals as "Jews, Arabs, niggers, and scum of the world."

Ohio's Changing Democrats

Davey's Defeat Helped Clear the Picture

TED COX

Cleveland

LAST year it was an awful job to convince anyone that there were major changes rapidly being effected in the two major political parties.

A Democratic machine leader in Cleveland was not interested. After a few polite remarks he turned to the real business of explaining why that dirty so-and-so at the head of an opposing Democratic faction ought to roast in hell.

"That talk about swinging broad masses into progressive political action under the New Deal banner is a lot of hogwash," insisted a liberal who had helped swing Cleveland for "Old Bob" La Follette in 1924. "Both parties are run by a bunch of political racketeers and highbinders."

My dad got home late from the bowling alley and emphatically declared he had always been a Republican, was still a Republican, and so were most of the other guys at the shop, by God! Taking them one by one, he did endorse the social objectives of the New Deal. But at the same time he parroted the newspaper criticisms against Roosevelt.

This apathy and distrust was understandable. There was much confusion in Ohio politics—a year ago. Gov. Martin Luther Davey was in his second term. A cheap political mountebank who had ridden to national infamy as a page-one figure on the basis of his strikebreaking service to the most pro-fascist section of monopoly capital, Davey headed the Democratic Party, slandered the New Deal, and believed Tom Girdler would run him for President on the Democratic ticket. The only powers who seriously challenged the Davey leadership of the party were those who were equally reactionary but who were sore because they had been gypped in the enormous patronage and graft deals made in Columbus.

In a state which had voted overwhelmingly for the New Deal, Republican mayors dominated—and still dominate—every major city.

But things have happened since then. The Republicans have emerged openly and militantly as the main center of reaction, starving relief clients, fighting the New Deal, and standing for every backward measure from anti-handbill ordinances to isolationist aid to the fascist international.

And labor, working through the Democratic party, has become a decisive political force in Ohio.

Labor's Non-Partisan League, organized on a ward and precinct basis in every industrial and mining center, forged almost complete unity of the CIO, AFL, and railroad brotherhoods. It rang thousands of doorbells, organized the biggest and most meetings, and strengthened all progressive forces to nominate Charles Sawyer and defeat Davey in the August primaries. The victory over Davey was, in the words of Jim Farley, a victory over one of the best organized and best financed campaigns in political history.

Labor, with its progressive views, stands today as one of the most potent political forces in this state. Practical politicians recognize this and Democratic leaders express this recognition by a show of high respect, and by close collaboration with Labor's Non-Partisan League.

Emergence of labor as a decisive political force exploded the long-maturing revolution within the Democratic Party. The change was expressed sharply at the Democratic convention last month. At this convention the Democratic Party became clearly and decisively a party of progress.

Old-line ward-heelers, who came down as usual to cement relationships, make patronage deals, and get drunk, were confronted with new decisions.

In the backrooms where committees were drawing up the platform, discussion over issues raged—not battles between representatives of the bourgeoisie differing on tactical questions, but battles between progressives and conservatives.

Ordinarily there would have been a complete deal at any cost between the Sawyer backers and the powerful Davey machine.

Davey sent his demands: (1) The convention must, without qualification, endorse his rotten, grafting, reactionary administration; (2) it must oppose the CIO violently, and (3) it must give him fifteen minutes over a state-wide radio hookup to say anything he cared to at the convention.

These demands, of course, were not simply the demands of Martin Luther Davey. They represented the demands of the entire section of anti-New Deal Democrats in Ohio.

The result: The Democratic Party told Davey to wad up his ultimatum and stick it in one of his empty whisky bottles. Davey was virtually read out of the party.

He immediately launched a campaign, underground, to elect Bricker and Taft. Sawyer later exposed a deal whereby Bricker will get 70 percent of the patronage and Davey 30 percent if the GOP returns to power in the decisive state of Ohio. But Davey followers are deserting rapidly and it is becoming increasingly doubtful whether Davey and the Garner Democrats can produce enough votes to justify the 30 percent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you want to get a clear picture of the changes, compare the Democratic Party platform which came out of that convention with the Ohio Republican platform.

The Republican platform denounces the New Deal, condemns WPA, relief expenditures, and the social-security program. It upholds the dictatorship of the Supreme Court. The Democratic platform pledges full support to the New Deal and accepts the obligation to "extend democracy" and effect the "fullest measure of economic security" for the people.

After a bitter fight in committee rooms, the Democrats opposed the attempt of utilities to destroy democratic election of judges and provide for appointment of the judiciary. The Republicans remain silent on this issue.

The Democratic platform calls for enactment of a state labor-relations measure to extend the Wagner act to intrastate business. The Republicans do not support this legislative proposal.

Democrats flatly support anti-injunction legislation. Republicans evade the issue.

It is, according to the new Democratic platform, a primary obligation of good government to feed the hungry and a long-range relief program must be enacted. The GOP favors restriction of relief expenditures in this state which has become a national scandal already for its starvation program under Republican mayors and the reactionary Davey administration.

While the Democratic platform calls for "preservation and extension of gains already made by labor" and supports the right of all workers to organize into "bona fide" unions the Republican platform rejoices in a divided labor movement, attacks progressive organization, condemns all strikes, upholds the open shop, and supports *company* unions.

While the GOP seeks amendments to weaken the existing old-age-pension law and offers no program for the youth, Democrats pledge complete federal-state cooperation and improvement of the pension law, and seek a state youth act to cooperate with the National Youth Administration.

The Democratic Party pledges strict enforcement of laws governing minimum wages for women and minors and full cooperation with federal and county authorities to expand the services of the State Department for Public Health.

These are a few excerpts from the platforms of two political parties which only a year ago were regarded as representing the same interests and carrying out the respective roles of tweedledee and tweedledum. The skeptics might have expected a program similar to the new Democratic platform if that platform were written by a farmer-labor party. They did not expect this to come from the Democratic Party.

It is still impossible to make any predictions on the outcome of the general elections. The final tally will undoubtedly be close.

But a few conclusions are very definite. Both parties, especially the Republicans, recognize Ohio as a crucial test in the battle of 1940. No one knows how many millions are being poured into the Republican campaign. A recent estimate set the figure at $6,000,000. Everyone knows that John D. M. Hamilton and the other national bigshots are scurrying all over the state, with probably more national speakers being sent into Ohio than in any previous campaign.

The Republicans know what they are after. They are militant, in comparison to the Landon campaign, and they breathe a new confidence.

Arising before the Ohio Republican convention, Robert Taft, tory son of the late President, outstanding Ohio hero of the anti-New Dealers, and candidate for the Senate against New Deal Sen. Robert J. Bulkley, set the keynote.

"Nowhere else," blasted the man who hopes to be 1940 Republican candidate for President, "is the issue so clearly defined as in Ohio. Our principal opponents, Sawyer and Bulkley, are 100 percent New Dealers. . . . It is not too much to say that the result in Ohio will determine the history of the nation for years to come. If a New Deal Congress is elected, that will assure the passage of every radical measure which so far has been blocked and would make it exceedingly difficult to effect a change of administration in 1940."

But how on earth can you shove an anti-democratic, anti-New Deal program down the throats of that big majority of Ohio citizens who favor the New Deal?

Dr. Glenn Frank takes the microphone, facing the problem of strategy and tactics as squarely as Taft faced the political issue. "The New Deal," asserts the Republican brain-truster, "has sought to confide to the millions that it alone is concerned with the social and human values. It has persistently insinuated that if Republicans again gained control of the government, they would stop relief, junk all public works, wipe out social-security provisions, turn a cold shoulder to the unemployed, advance no social legislation on their own initiative, and look out for the bigshots only, in the pious hope that something may trickle down to the rank and file of Americans.

"We must smash that picture of Republicanism. And there is just one way we can smash it, and that is with a program that really works, a program that puts all America back to work!"

In other words: Put on a false face of liberalism. Tell the palookas what they want to hear. Don't tell 'em what Taft said. Say the GOP is for the social objectives of the New Deal but demands a better administration of those objectives.

This has borne some fruit in the endorsement of the anti-pension champion Taft by the Townsend clubs.

On the other hand, Senator Bulkley, previously a mild, somewhat frightened New Dealer, is waging a crusading campaign. Such statements as "we will not tolerate thirteen million people unemployed, or twelve million, or any other number of millions. If private industry cannot absorb these citizens it is the duty of the government to provide them with jobs"—such statements, made by Bulkley before the Workers Alliance convention, would not have been made last year.

Sawyer, hardly the most militant and colorful figure, is putting up an increasingly aggressive campaign.

There are, of course, those within the rapidly changing Democratic Party, who attempt to halt the change. Secretary of State William J. Kennedy declares: "We don't want a Davey party. We don't want a Roosevelt party." And he inveighs against any attempt to bring the President to Ohio.

Nevertheless there are strong possibilities that President Roosevelt will come into Ohio to take part in this campaign. He has been invited by the State Democratic Executive Committee and if he comes it will be—not for an old-line machine rally, but for a mass meeting sponsored in Cleveland by Labor's Non-Partisan League, now working for an attendance of twenty thousand for November 6.

Thus, the Democratic Party changes in Ohio.

★ ★ ★

Arthur Getz

Dream

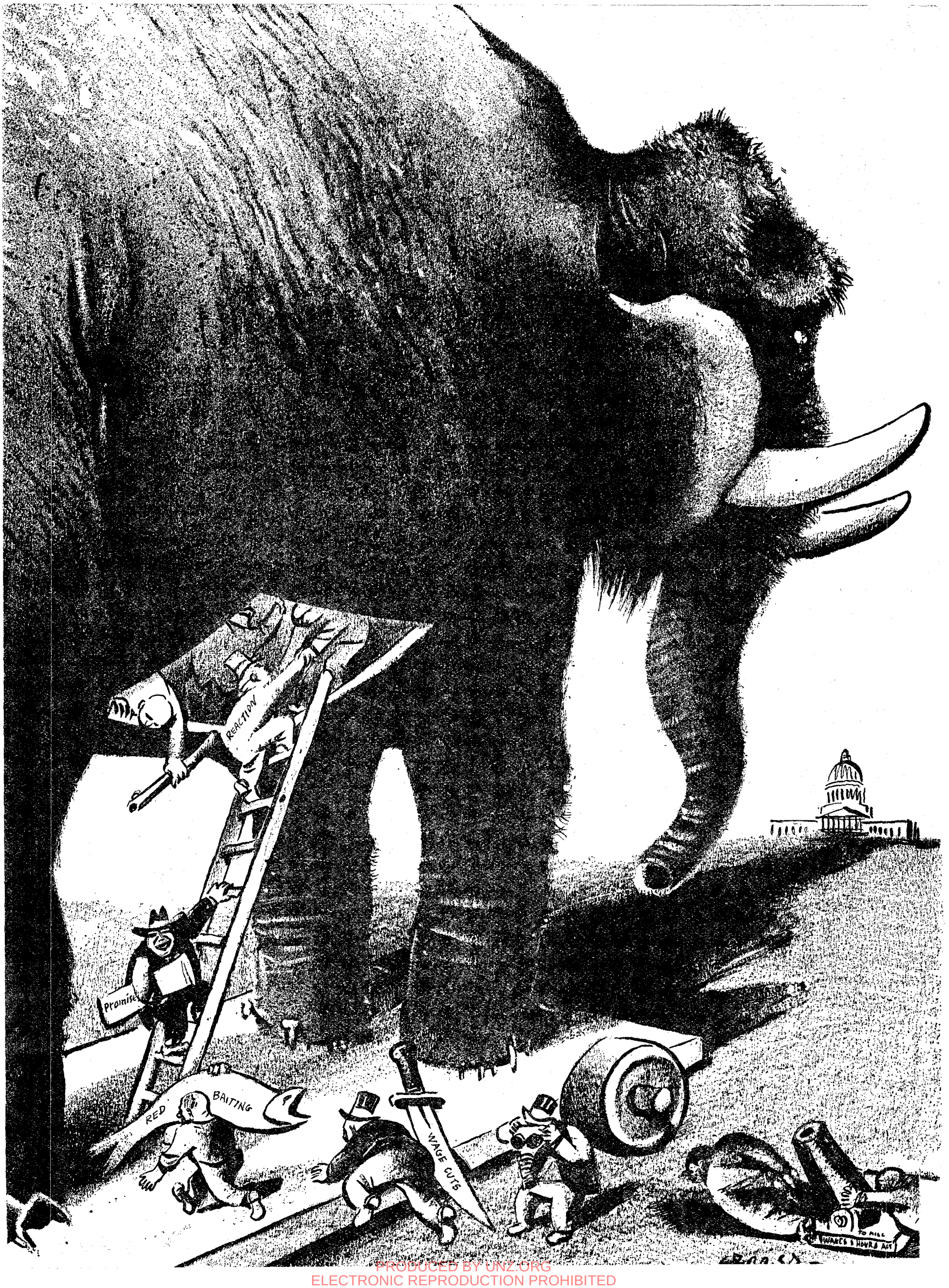
Fighting through the night, shooting at them
From distance, plying rifles at shadow;
The bank opposite was alive with flashes, water
Filled our shoes, our eyes were burned to ashes;
And day was a stricken puddle.

Broken like a string, our line went backward;
Broke quickly at the flank, until often
Friends fought through from their own retreat
To engage them coming at us.

Nobody knows what a man can dream of,
Even at home, after work, and reading of hunger;
Some young men have died without fighting;
Nobody knows how many will die without dying.

ALVIN FOOTE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

ESTABLISHED 1911

Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON
A. B. MAGIL, RUTH MCKENNEY, HERMAN MICHELSON,
SAMUEL SILLEN.

Associate Editors
JAMES DUGAN, BARBARA GILES, RICHARD H. ROVERE.

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD,
WILLIAM GROPPER, JOSHUA KUNITZ, BRUCE MINTON,
ALFRED O'MALLEY, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, RICHARD WRIGHT,
MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY.

★

Kennedy Seeks More Munichs

AMBASSADOR KENNEDY'S plea for "good relations" with the fascist powers may not have been an administration trial-balloon but it certainly was a trial-balloon by the British Foreign Office. There have been similar Cliveden efforts in the past but none came through such official American channels. Nevertheless, there is no cause for astonishment. Mr. Kennedy, as Theodore Draper reported from Washington in NEW MASSES on September 18, two weeks before Munich, has very close ties with the Chamberlain circle and with the prime minister himself. And Kennedy's record on the Maritime Commission, the job he held before London, was unsavory, especially with respect to labor relations.

On the whole, the State Department reacted to Mr. Kennedy's speech in a most embarrassed way. It turned out that a copy of the speech had been sent to Washington and was returned without corrections. This too is not strange, since the under-secretary in charge of European affairs is James Clement Dunn, probably the worst reactionary in the department, and that says much. Immediately, the question arose whether Mr. Kennedy's speech signified some future revision of our policy; Secretary Hull said no, which left matters exactly where they were before, namely, befuddled.

The issues go far deeper than Mr. Kennedy's possible indiscretion. America's foreign policy, or lack of it, is one of the most vital factors in the complex of international relations. If an American ambassador can play stooge to the British ruling circles, in direct conflict with the public policy of his government, something is rotten in the State Department which supervises him. If the policy is in process of change, London is hardly the place for such announcement. There is reason to believe that the administration is keenly aware of the huge price which this country, without being directly implicated, is likely to pay for Munich. Mr. Kennedy wants more Munichs. He is the latest member in the Society of American Cagoulards, the founder of which was Benedict Arnold.

Daladier Has His Pretext

THE French senatorial election, as expected, leaves the upper chamber no less reactionary than before. It was expected because the senatorial vote never reflects popular sentiment in the slightest until long after any particular crisis. Only one-third of the French Senate is elected every three years, for nine-year terms. The people do not vote. The entire election is indirect, involving only officials closely dominated by the old political machines. Even in 1936, when the left parties made tremendous gains in the Chamber, the Senate was hardly affected.

But this will not lessen Premier Daladier's determination to send France further along the fascist road. He has waited for this convenient pretext to use his decree powers against the social gains of the Popular Front in the past three years. So the winter in France promises to be a portentous one. If Daladier continues to follow the Munich road, class struggles of tremendous importance and intensity are inevitable. The appalling cost of Munich is now becoming fully plain to the country at large and it is but a matter of time before the reckoning takes concrete expression. That is one reason why Daladier is moving so fast.

There is one lesson in the senatorial elections which we have pointed out relentlessly on other occasions but it never stales. The Socialist Party, under Léon Blum, voted for Daladier's foreign policy and abstained on his demand for decree powers. This obeisance did not in the least gain them any charity at the hands of the Daladier machine. In the elections, Daladier ordered his adherents to vote for the extreme right in preference to Socialist candidates. Even at that, the Socialists gained one extra seat but they were not rewarded for their weakness after Munich.

The Wages and Hours Law

ONE of the most important social laws in American history went into effect this week. The Fair Labor Standards Act —more popularly known as the Wages-and-Hours Act, was passed by Congress despite the bitter opposition of reactionaries in both the Democratic and Republican Parties. A great triumph for organized labor and the New Deal, the act provides for the immediate establishment of a 25-cents-an-hour minimum wage and a forty-four-hour maximum week for workers in interstate industry. After 1945, as a result of a gradual change in the hours-and wages schedule, the minimum wage will be 40 cents per hour and the maximum work week will be forty hours. In addition, the law requires time-and-one-half payment for overtime work; it prohibits employment of children under fourteen, while defining various restrictions for minors between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

The law calls for penalties to be imposed on employers who try to escape its provisions. But the law will not work automatically. It is already apparent that the people who opposed its enactment so strenuously will attempt by hook or crook to destroy its effectiveness in practice. Lawyers hired by the great monopolies are seeking for loopholes which will enable their companies to dodge the law. An effort will undoubtedly be made to create the impression that the law "discriminates" against employers. And there is the serious threat that the economic royalists will seek to depress the relatively high income level in certain industries, where union action has been successful, to the minimum level imposed by the law.

Both the CIO and the AFL have expressed their determination to cooperate with Administrator Elmer F. Andrews in enforcing the law. Once again we shall see big business, which speaks demagogically in the name of law and order, using every pretext to evade the law. Public opinion, like organized labor, must be more vigilant than ever before.

No Goldberg Pattern

THERE are two things to watch for in the closing days of United States Attorney Lamar Hardy's prosecution, in the Federal District Court, of four of the eighteen accused Nazi spies: first, the tie-up of the group with the German-American Bund, and, second, the definition of the liaison the spies had with the German secret service. It has been the absence of this kind of evidence that has enabled the bulk of the capitalist papers to emphasize the comic-opera aspects of the trial—the stupid and absurd inefficiency of the small fry whom the FBI apprehended—and thus to contend that the trial has little significance for the American people or for the shaping of our foreign policy.

In his testimony last week, Guenther Rumrich, first of the defendants to sign a full confession, said that one of the ring's higher-ups, Theodore Weigand, had conferred with Hitler's personal adjutant, Capt. Fritz Wiedemann, on Wiedemann's "vaca-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion" here last November. If Rumrich or any of the others give documentary proof of this, the trail will lead straight into Hitler's office, and the New York *Herald Tribune* will have to swallow its words about the "Rube Goldberg pattern" that was just "a mistake of the Hamburg office."

As for the connections of Rumrich *et al* with the German-American Bund, very little has been said as yet. In almost indecent haste Fritz Kuhn spent an estimated $5,000 to rush to his friends and sympathizers a disclaimer assuring them that he had no part in the proceedings. Bund leaders have been conspicuously silent on the trials, and part of the explanation may be concealed in the rumor that several of them are being held in connection with the case.

It is possible, of course, that those on trial have been cleverer in covering their affiliations than in fulfilling their duties. But whether or not Mr. Hardy and his assistants are able to prove the official links, it will remain clear that the defendants were not spying merely to amuse themselves, were not risking loss of citizenship and severe penalties without a very real sort of compensation—either in dollars and cents or in whatever peculiar gratification the Nazi mind feels in being of service to Der Führer. From the opening day the trials have indicated, as we said last week, that we are not exempted from Hitler's plans. It will not be necessary, as many have suggested, to put through new anti-espionage laws, which may be turned against those they are supposed to protect. What is necessary is the realization, which the trials should heighten, that our foreign policy is inadequate to check the spread of Nazi domination and infiltration, both here and abroad.

China Front

CANTON and Hankow fell without anything like the extended struggle which preceded the capture of Shanghai or Suchow. Their loss is far less decisive than the Japanese would like to make us think. As usual, Japanese propaganda originating in London predicted the early end of the war and Chiang Kai-shek was even reported in Hongkong, negotiating a "settlement." Chiang was not in Hongkong for a settlement any more than the Chinese people were ready to capitulate. On the contrary, Chiang has conferred with the famous Communist leader, Chu Teh, in Hankow and plans were undoubtedly based on the decision to abandon Hankow.

The Japanese, as a matter of fact, have practically given up the occupation of anything but the large cities. As late as last month, two doctors fresh from China, Walter J. Judd, an American, and Robert McClure, a Canadian, reported from their own experiences that the Japanese army's control in North China, taken a year ago, was strictly confined to the immediate vicinity of its sentries. It would be silly to deny that the large cities held by Japan are heavy blows against China's capacity to resist. They are the main stations in the arteries of trade and economy; without Canton, the chief source of supplies will be blocked to the Chinese forces in the interior. But they are not decisive, and every competent observer discounted them long ago. China's hope lies in the interior, among the people in every one of the innumerable small villages, in the peasant guerrilla outfits, in the will to live. The loss of the large cities has actually forced these basic units of defense to mushroom all over the land, with a corresponding adjustment in economic organization.

If the Japanese decide to press beyond Hankow, they will be confronted with the real problem of the war for the first time; their lines will then stretch to the maximum and the costs of occupation will similarly rise. Apparently, in preparation even for this, Japan's leading government circles, headed by the present premier, Prince Konoye, have decided upon a thorough fascist reorganization of the state machine. The first step in totalitarianizing the political system will be the formation of a single political party and the end of all pretense to democratic forms.

A Son Is Born

WILL the person who just said the only people who get adequate medical attention are the very rich and the very poor kindly read the following Associated Press story:

> Philadelphia, Oct. 24—A son born unaided yesterday to Mrs. Marion Bricker, twenty-two, died before the belated arrival of medical aid summoned by police.
>
> Police Sergeant Edwin Johnson said he telephoned "half a dozen" physicians after an anonymous call but that "none of them was willing to go out at that time of day on a charity case."
>
> "I bawled them out, but it didn't do any good," he said.
>
> Johnson finally communicated with Dr. Anthony Donato, a hospital physician. Dr. Donato was taken in a police automobile to the woman's room, but the infant was dead. Sergeant Johnson reported Mrs. Bricker was "out of funds, hence unattended delivery."
>
> The mother is recovering.

Have you read it? Now let's hear the one about the terrible consequences of robbing doctors of their heaven-endowed right of private practice and the invigorating blessings of competition, without which the public health would totter on the brink of disaster. When you are through, go into the song and dance about how socialized medicine is undoubtedly a fine, altruistic idea but it would never fit the practical needs of the public. Sing it loud so Mrs. Marion Bricker can be cheered in her convalescence.

Mr. Green Never Learns

AT THE risk of bringing on a gale of yawns we are forced to announce that William Green, unchastened by the political revolt at the Houston convention, has gone and done it again. We refer, of course, to Mr. Green's catastrophic endorsement of Frank Merriam, black-reactionary candidate for governor of California. The president of the American Federation of Labor passed up a New Deal candidate to give his blessing to the personal political representative of the union-busting tories of the West.

Mr. Green has thus far piled up a nearly 100 percent bogus political record in the current elections. He endorsed all the most reactionary candidates, except in Maryland, during the primaries. He has called on AFL union members to defeat New Deal candidates in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, and half a dozen other places. Mr. Green's political record for 1938 differs only in minor details from the record of such characters as Bruce Barton, Alf Landon, and Dr. Glenn Frank.

Of course we wonder why Mr. Green, by this time, doesn't know better than to endorse reactionary political candidates. For every time that he has stepped into the arena to back a tory he has been loudly and soundly rebuked by his own organization. In California, for instance, every AFL official of any importance has rushed into print to denounce Mr. Green's latest political boner. William Green has been unable to prevent labor unity on the political field.

Elect Vito Marcantonio

NEW YORK'S famous Twentieth Congressional District has been a warring ground for progress versus reaction during two decades and more. Before the war and the voting machine, victorious Socialist candidates were counted out of many an election by Tammany ward-heelers. Twice, during the twenties, Fiorello LaGuardia defeated the machine candidates by less than a hundred votes out of 35,000 cast.

But the 1938 election in the East Harlem district has developed into the most stirring and the most important struggle in the history of New York's most poverty-stricken congressional district. For Vito Marcantonio, fiercest, ablest of the American Labor Party congressional candidates, is battling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against James J. Lanzetta, the Tammany incumbent. Mr. Lanzetta not only carries the torch for the blackest American reaction; he is actively supported by Italian fascism and Puerto Rican sugar interests.

With only a week or so to go before election, the street corners on Upper Park and Lexington Avenues are wild with excitement these fall nights. A band strikes up. A crowd gathers. A squad of black-shirted thugs struts to the speakers' soap-box. The drum-major gives the signal. "Giovonezza, Giovonezza!" the black-shirts sing as Mr. Lanzetta gives the fascist salute. His speech begins: "Defeat Vito Marcantonio, the Communist candidate!" Suddenly on the fringe of a crowd appear a group of youngsters. "Defend liberty!" they shout. "Down with Mussolini! Vote for Vito Marcantonio!"

One morning posters appear on every building in East Harlem. "Marcantonio is a Communist!" By eight o'clock the posters are whitewashed over. Next morning the posters appear again. Once more, they are plastered over before the working people of East Harlem start out for work.

Two weeks before election, the Puerto Rican and Spanish people of the district are suddenly provoked into race riots. Gangs of black-shirts descend on peaceable Puerto Rican women. And strangers, shouting Puerto Rican slogans, rush into the Italian streets and knock down kids playing ball. The whole district seethes with fury.

Italian voters finger telegrams signed with the name of the Italian vice-consul: "Defeat Communist Candidate Vito Marcantonio!" The consulate declares the twenty thousand telegrams sent out are a forgery—but they make no attempt to start an investigation from the district attorney's office.

Mr. Lanzetta's campaign manager is plentifully supplied with money. Thousands of fresh Lanzetta posters appear daily. Hundreds of campaign workers, mostly strangers, appear from nowhere to make extravagant promises of jobs in their house-to-house canvassing.

But fascism and reaction meet their match in Mr. Marcantonio. The strongest ALP club in the city marches out to do battle with Tammany and the sugar trust. A conference of all Italian and Puerto Rican society officers is called and the race war is ended. Mr. Marcantonio's campaign workers have no money and they expect no jobs. But they believe in progressive America, which is more important. They go from house to house, explaining Mr. Marcantonio's record.

Vito Marcantonio is president of the International Labor Defense; he has tried twenty thousand cases for labor and political prisoners, without fee. During his first term in Congress from 1934 to 1936, he was the leader of the progressive congressional bloc. He started the silicosis investigation; voted for low-cost housing; demanded that gas and electric rates be lowered; led the famous unemployed demonstration in the face of police attack; voted for relief appropriations; WPA old-age pensions—and a score of other such projects.

Mr. Lanzetta's campaign workers have nothing to counter Marcantonio's record—except the news that the Tammany candidate is also the choice of fascism. The hard-fought campaign in the Twentieth draws to a close, with Marcantonio's chances better than good. In 1936 he lost the election by a few hundred votes. For two years the American Labor Party club has worked systematically to send Marcantonio back to Congress. This year Marcantonio runs on the Republican and ALP tickets.

The progressive candidate can win this year in the old Twentieth. But Tammany and fascism are fighting hard. Their Red-baiting grows more vicious every day. They have money. Vito Marcantonio needs the support of all progressives.

Spain vs. Trotsky

THE trial of the POUM, Spanish Trotskyites, has ended, after a two-day summation of the defense counsel. The gist of his "defense" was that the prosecution documents and the testimony of such outstanding figures as Colonel Cordon, subsecretary of the Army of the Land, Ignacio Mantecon, former governor of Aragon and now army commissar, and Vergilio Llanos, commissar of the Twelfth Army Corps, did not constitute sufficient proof of the guilt of the defendants. His remarks, especially mocking references to Colonel Modesto and General Walter, against whom assassination plots by the POUM had been unearthed by the prosecution, enraged the small audience. He referred to Trotsky as a "great revolutionist" and tried to base his defense on the "political opinions" of the POUMsters instead of, as Prosecutor Gomis Soler pointed out, their criminal activities against the Popular Front.

The defense speech followed the prosecution's summation and a week of examination of witnesses by both sides, during which ex-Ministers Irujo and Caballero testified for the defense but were forced under cross-examination to admit the POUM's part in the May uprising and that the indiscipline of the armed forces harmed the republic. Only one more session will be held some time during the week, when the court will announce its decision. The feeling in Barcelona is that just as long as a condemnation of the POUM is made, especially before the Tribunal of Espionage and High Treason—whether the penalty is great or small—the most important point is that this condemnation is placed on record. Such condemnation in itself before such a tribunal constitutes a major victory by the forces of discipline and single-minded prosecution of the war against invasion.

Ben Yomen

"If he runs for a third term it will kill you!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forsythe's Page

Not Too Busy to Write

DURING the course of the American Writers Congress several years ago, James T. Farrell wrote for the *Saturday Review of Literature* a rather sharp denunciation of the occasion. In caustic terms he asked what the writers at the congress had been doing since the previous congress. With considerable satisfaction, he listed the names of various authors and sought to show that their consuming interest in politics had quite ruined them as artists. He didn't go so far as to maintain that it was impossible for an individual to be both a writer and a delegate, but he left no doubt that he felt many good authors were allowing themselves to be ruined by extramural nonsense. I don't believe that in his heart Mr. Farrell worried over-greatly about the fate of the unfortunate writers, since he has rather firmly convinced himself that very little literature was produced in the world pre-Farrell and almost none can be hoped for post-Farrell, but it gave him an opportunity for slapping a few old friends who had been annoying him.

The subject is of some interest since there is to be another Writers Congress next summer. If the names of the delegates I heard the other night are true, Mr. Farrell is going to be in a state of apoplexy during the hot months. Not only are such men as André Malraux and Louis Aragon planning to come, but they will be arriving in a year when they have been in politics up to their ears and have in addition published books which are considered to be their masterpieces. This proves either that Malraux and Aragon are scabbing on the *Saturday Review of Literature* or that the great Farrell is not a prophet. If it should be established that it is possible for a man to be a fighter, propagandist, pamphleteer, or common picketeer without ceasing to be an artist, things will not be pleasant in certain circles.

Another angle of the controversy was brought home to me recently when I attended a party given by Barthold Fles, the literary agent, for the purpose of having refugee authors meet American writers and critics. Some of them had been important authors and some had been prominent journalists and stage directors. When I thought of how helpless I would have been if exiled to Germany even in the good old days, I appreciated their position here. I suppose among that group were many who had been as determined as the famous James T. Farrell to confine themselves to their literary labors and others who had been active politically. Now, it mattered not at all. Under fascism an artist has no choice. If he is of the wrong race or wrong political belief, he will either be arrested or killed or exiled. If he is of the right race and entirely unpolitical, his status as an artist will be no better. None but the sorriest party hacks can remain in a fascist country; the others will die as fully as if slaughtered.

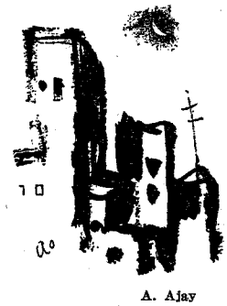
For that reason it is hardly likely that Mr. Farrell will be repeating his words of warning this year. If he was sincere in his former report, he will be forced to agree that there can be no artistic freedom without political freedom. As an extreme case, it might be argued that it would be better for the sake of literature if writers stopped writing and became fighters, but fortunately that seems unnecessary. At this point, Mr. Farrell will be entirely unnerved, for a startling fact emerges: The more active politically the writers are, the more prolific they seem to be. Perhaps this has not always been true but it happens to be a stern fact in this present period. *L'Espoir,* said to be Malraux's greatest novel, was started when Malraux was captain of a flying corps in Spain. Aragon has finished his new novel, *Residential Quarter,* while strenuously occupied in political activity and engaged as principal editor of *Ce Soir,* prominent daily paper of Paris.

England has such writers as Sylvia Townsend Warner, Rosamond Lehmann, Rose Macaulay, E. M. Forster, C. Day Lewis, John Brophy, John Strachey, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden—working overtime either in political activity or in support of Spain and China. I don't pretend to give the full list, any more than I will attempt to set down the writers in this country who are simultaneously carrying forward the battle against fascism and keeping alive artistically. The League of American Writers has grown to over six hundred members and, while it may seem far-fetched to advance the idea, it is almost axiomatically true that the members of the league who are most conscious of the place of the creative artist in this dark age are at the same time the most conscientious and productive writers.

Nobody does more in organizational work than Leane Zugsmith and yet she has had time for a fine book, *The Summer Soldier.* George Seldes never refuses a request for help in a good cause and still his important books keep coming out. His newest will be *Lords of the Press.* In addition to being an active worker in Connecticut for the league, John Hyde Preston has published *The Liberals,* a timely book on the dilemma which faces more than one middle-class family today. Christina Stead wrote *House of All Nations;* her husband, William Blake, did *The World Is Mine;* Josephine Herbst has finished her new novel; John Steinbeck has just published a new book of short stories. I set these names down at random, just as they come to mind. There are many others—enough to convince Mr. Farrell that he need have no worries about the productive capacity of the American authors who have realized that literature can survive only if there is a world for it to live in.

Naturally, there are American writers who will be cured by nothing short of a concentration camp. After Godesberg and Munich, one might feel that even the stupidest would begin to understand that there is fascism in the world, but I was talking with a Broadway acquaintance who tossed it off lightly. "You birds are always worrying about something," he said scornfully. "You keep yourself in a heat. Why don't you relax? We got the Atlantic Ocean, haven't we?"

We have the Atlantic Ocean and John Strachey came all the way across it and was turned back. Winston Churchill broadcast a speech across the Atlantic Ocean in answer to Hitler—but the same speech wasn't heard in England. Neither were the previous remarks of Anthony Eden against the Munich sellout. Phyllis Bottome arrived on these shores the other day with the charge that freedom had left England. She had written a pamphlet entitled *J'Accuse* and had been unable to find a publisher for it. When she attempted to have it distributed at her own expense, *she couldn't find a printer who would put it into type.* These things have been happening for a long time and have been pointed out by me in these columns, but when an English author of reputation repeats them out of her own experience, I am hopeful that the true state of affairs in that strange land will be understood. Miss Bottome added that allowing a few crackpots to speak in Hyde Park was considered an indication that England had free speech. In the larger matters, she said, there was no freedom whatever. Mr. Churchill said much the same thing, holding it to be only a matter of a few months when it would be considered against public policy to criticize Hitler or any fascist power.



A. Ajay

On the basis of what we know of our own experiences and what we can see approaching, what excuse is there for a writer to hesitate any longer? It would seem that even the oracular Farrell would hesitate before denouncing an author for joining with any group, political or cultural, which has for its main program a fight to the death against reaction and fascism. It is hardly likely that the *Saturday Review* will be so gay and lilting about the next Writers Congress.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Regarding Amendment 5

An Attack Against Administrative Tribunals

LEONARD B. BOUDIN

THE attack on administrative tribunals is of disturbing momentum today. Courts, politicians, and the press are competing to disparage these liberal bodies made necessary by the complexities of modern society. Although the administrative process is centuries old it is presently attacked as a bureaucratic contrivance, totalitarian and alien to American institutions.

These administrative bodies arise, as Chief Justice Hughes has said, from "a deepening conviction of the impotency of legislatures with respect to some of the most important developments of lawmaking." They apply and make specific the operational principles of government formulated by the legislature. They hear complaints, conduct investigations, adjudicate disputes, and adapt the legislative rules to a myriad of instances falling within a general class. Some, like the Federal Trade Commission and National Labor Relations Board, regulate special aspects of all industry. Others, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission or the Federal Communications Commission, have comprehensive powers over a limited number of industries. They perform important social services. Their work is so technical, their investigations so protracted, that neither legislature nor the courts would prove a proper substitute.

Usually identified with the regulation of property interests, the boards have never been favorably received. In 1887, when the now august Interstate Commerce Commission was created, Senator Morgan of Alabama said: "I dread to set in motion a doubtful and dangerous power which will soon become a factor of immense influence in the party politics of the republic."

Today, those agencies which give new protection to the worker—the National Labor Relations Board and the Social Security Board—bear the brunt of the attack. While the unemployed receive weekly benefits and Henry Ford is directed to bargain with the UAWA, reaction bewails in the best editorial prose an abstract bureaucracy and judicially stigmatizes as totalitarian the works of truest liberalism.

Thus Justice Sutherland of the United States Supreme Court could compare the Securities and Exchange Commission with the notorious Star Chamber of the Stuarts, when the commission attempted to protect the public against dishonest stock manipulations. And although the Wagner act makes the NLRB's findings conclusive if supported by evidence, the Circuit Courts of Appeal in recent months have substituted their judgment for the board's. The Third Circuit Court went so far as to resist the praiseworthy attempt of the board to reopen the Republic Steel proceedings for the company's own benefit. It required a threat of mandamus from the Supreme Court before the lower court would release the case to the board.

But the New York State Constitutional Convention was guilty of the most serious offense. It chose neither to trust future legislatures nor to rely upon the judiciary's usual sense of its infallibility. The convention proposed a constitutional amendment granting complete judicial review on both law and facts of almost every single state-agency ruling. In three hours, it passed a bill which, if approved by the voters, will automatically amend hundreds of laws unknown even by name to the convention delegates. Departments, boards, and commissions previously free from judicial interference will be so hampered that they would do better to close shop

Over a hundred regulatory bodies now function in New York. The more recent creations include those administering the unemployment-insurance fund, the State Labor Relations Act, and the minimum-wage laws. But boards of equal power have been operating for years. In 1829, after many of our ingenious citizens relieved their financial distress by issuing their own currency, the New York Legislature provided for banking supervision by three commissioners. Their duties were to visit each bank quarterly, inspect its affairs, and apply to a court of chancery for an injunction against any bank violating the law. It was not until 1837 that the supervised banks were deprived of their right to appoint two of these commissioners. The New York Public Service Commission has been regulating utilities for thirty-one years. Insurance companies and charitable corporations are governed by administrative boards. So are teachers, doctors, real-estate agents, and all civil servants.

None of these boards have unlimited discretion. Judicial review exists in every case and is usually limited by statute to matters of law. The courts are not permitted to interfere with findings of fact by administrative or quasi-judicial bodies if there is any supporting evidence. The Legislature has found that the boards are best equipped to determine such matters as procedure, credibility, and proper inference from the facts. The Public Service Commissioners are more competent than the average judge in such matters as reproduction cost, accrued depreciation, and structural costs. The State Labor Relations Board knows far better than a judge at Special Term what goes to make a company union. There is also the time element. If the judge is to make his own fact-findings, he must read all the evidence. But it would take an able jurist half a year to read the ten-thousand-page record of the New York Telephone Co. rate investigation—and possibly another half-year to analyze it and decide the case.

We have not made out badly before the boards. Under the present constitutional set-up, the courts have held that irrespective of statutory provision, they may set aside board determinations of fact whenever they are thought arbitrary, capricious, confiscatory, or without supporting evidence. The successful use of the courts by utilities in fighting rate cases with the public paying the cost, suggests that the existing system is not very harmful to these board "victims." In fact, says the minority report of the New York State Commission on the Revision of the Public Service Commissions Law: "Effective regulation along the lines originally intended by the act has broken down." This is the price we pay for judicial interference.

But the New Deal has its enemies and these seem to have included the Republicans in control of the Constitutional Convention. Thus the Judiciary Committee proposed a constitutional amendment which gave the courts review of all *future* boards, not only on the law but on the facts. The boards' findings of fact were to be given the weight of a jury verdict which the courts might set aside as against the weight of evidence. The boards of experts were to be mere juries.

Seven members of the Judiciary Committee dissented. Led by Justice Sears of the Appellate Division — and a Republican — they showed the adequacy of the present system of judicial review. Senator Wagner reminded the convention that even the conservative committee on administrative law of the New York City Bar Association opposed the extension of judicial review. Prof. Philip Halpern warned his colleagues that the amendment would freeze the nullification of administrative and legislative power into the constitution.

But the committee's proposal was beneficence itself by comparison with the proposal which followed. For Robert E. Whalen, an upstate Democrat, arose to suggest an amendment so devastating that he had not dared offer it to the Judiciary Committee. It not only made the committee's bill applicable to all but a few *existing* boards, but the scope of judicial review was vastly widened. The courts were to give no consideration at all to the boards' findings. Review was complete. The boards were now not even juries; they were to take testimony for the courts. This was really revolution.

Mr. Whalen was supported by several gentlemen who had two arguments. First, they hated the New Deal. Thus, Mr. Koch stated that while he was neither a brain-

(Turn to Page 18)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOT DAMG! GOT THE WHOLE FAMILY!
I DON'T LIKE THIS- I DON'T LIKE THAT-
NORMAN THOMAS
SHE SAYS SHE WON'T TAKE DICTATION FROM ANYONE - SHE'S AN ANTI-FASCIST
WE'RE FOR THE NEW DEAL- BUT-
PHOOEY! WHAT'S THAT?
DO YOU MIND IF I THROW YOU FOR A LOSS?
YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED PAPA TO BLESS OUR LITTLE UNION!
CALL FOR CONGRESSMAN DIES- CALL FOR CONGRESSMAN DIES-
HOW ABOUT THE RELIEF PROBLEM MR. SENATOR?
DOWN WITH ROOSEVELT OF COURSE
$30.00 A WEEK PLAN VOTE FOR
BOY-OBOY! IF THIS DON'T GET 'EM!
I'M SURE IF WE GOT RID OF THE NEW DEAL I'D BE ALRIGHT, DOCTOR
JERSEY CITY
I'M LOOKING FOR LIBERTIES
WOMAN'S REBELLION DOWN WITH PROGRESS
BACK TO HOOVER
SHUT THE DO
DEFEAT THE REACTIONAR
UNITY
LET THE SOUTH ALONE, SUH!
O- THE SUN-SHINES- BR-I-GH-T-
SPONSOR TROUBLE?
NO - REPUBLICAN
NAZI SPY
FIRST PROMISE YOU'LL VOTE FOR DEWEY
HOW ABOUT THE PROBLEM OF SCHOOLS, SENATOR?
DOWN WITH ROOSEVELT OF COURSE
ARE YOU PICKING UP REP O'CONNOR'S SPEECHES LATELY?
STOP TALKING SHOP WILL YA?
WE SAY LIVE AND LIVE
BUT
I ASK HIM WHAT HE'D LIKE AND HE SAYS - THE EMBARGO ON SPAIN LIFTED!
NAZI SPY
A NICE LIBERAL WHITEWASH
I'M SORRY- EVEN ROVER'S BOYCOTTING GERMANY!
DIVIDEND
I'LL GIVE 'EM THE OLIVE OIL
WAGE CUTS
DARLING, WILL YOU MM-M-ER-STOP WEARING SILK?
GIVE US GABLE OR GIVE US DEATH!
LOOK-HENRY AND ALF - THE UNHAPPINESS BOYS
AW, THEY DON'T EVEN FIT INTO THE PICTURE!

NOVEMBER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUST BE A TORY ON THE AIR WAVES
SILENCE! ON THE AIR
THE SENATOR SURE IS PILING IT ON TONITE!
SMACK
WE JUST WANT TO REVISE THE WAGNER ACT
AN' MAYBE A CUPLA OTHER THINGS
CONGRESS
GOOD LORD!
IT'S A GUY NAMED STRACHEY HE WANTS TO COME IN AND TALK
NAZI SPY
ABOUT ZOO CONTROL, SENATOR?
DOWN WITH ROOSEVELT, OF COURSE
ONE OF THOSE BIG TRUST GUYS- SEZ HE WANTS TO PICK AN AIR POCKET FOR A CHANGE!
BUT IF HITLER'S ATTACKING THE CATHOLICS AND HE AND MUSSOLINI SUPPORT THE REBELS-
HOW THE HELL IS FRANCO SAVING THE CHURCH?
YA GOT ME, GALS!
THEY'RE COMIN' THRU THE WINDOW
BUT WILL THEY MAKE US PAY TAXES?
NAZI SPY
HOW ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY SENATOR?
DOWN WITH ROOSEVELT, OF COURSE
I AM THE LAW!
AFL
CIO
ER- WON'T YOU COME IN?
WM. GREEN
THOSE WERE THE DAYS, M'BOY
HOOVER
WHAT IS IT GRANDPA? A CABBAGE?
COTILLO
SHE INSISTED WE MAKE IT CLEAR
CITY ZOO
NOT RELATED TO THE GOB
KILL THE N.L.R.B.
THIS REMINDS ME OF THE MUNICH CONFERENCE
I'LL CLEAN UP THE WHOLE STATE!
TELL 'EM, TOM
PHOOEY ON DEWEY
THERE GOES THE BOSS ASKING FOR A RAISE
THANKS
NAZI SPY
SNIFF
WE'RE FOR PROGRESS
BUT-
DID YOU WRITE THIS SPENCER?
VOTE AMTER FOR CONGRESSMAN AT-LARGE!
HAF YOU HEARD? ADOLF'S GIVING TH' WORLD 10 DAYS TO GET OUTA TOWN!
MORE FUN!
CONTROL YOUR APPETITE, FELIX!
DID YOU SAY THE SYSTEM'S DECAYING OR DECAYED?
NO SPIKA ENGLISH, MA'AM
ALL THE GIRLS IN OUR SET ARE WEARING 'EM
YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, MATHILDA
HOW ABOUT THE HOUSING PROBLEM, SENATOR?
DOWN WITH ROOSEVELT, OF COURSE
DOWN WITH THE NEW DEAL!
A. Redfield

SCRAPBOOK

A. Redfield

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truster nor a brilliant jurist, "we are going to make these administrative agencies toe the line." And Al Smith said: "But this whole thing is the growth of something that is hanging over the country today, that is, this idea of regulating everybody." Second, each had a personal grievance. Mr. Whalen was against Workmen's Compensation Boards "composed perhaps of a former barkeeper or street cleaner." One of Mr. Killian's friends had been refused a license by a commissioner upon whose jury a business competitor sat. Justice Hill's friend didn't get enough relief, and W. L. Burke knew an attorney who resented the brusque manner in which an administrative official told him to put his client on the witness stand. This was indeed a constitutional amendment born of prejudice.

While Mr. Whalen's arguments were confused, his motives were hardly obscure. Was he against all administrative boards, as he said? Despite his unkind reference to Workmen's Compensation Boards, he exempted them from judicial review. He wrote one of those indignant letters to the New York *Times,* denying that his proposal affected the State Labor Relations Board—a statement obviously untrue. He exempted the state's educational functions, saying that he did not wish to disturb established departmental practice, although he was rendering chaotic every other department.

He did, however, add to his usefulness as counsel to the New York Central R.R. Has not Justice Brandeis said that "a wealthy and litigious utility might practically nullify rate regulation if the correctness of findings by the regulatory body of the facts as to value and income were made subject to judicial review." The utilities, fully aware of this, had tried in vain to escape from the Public Service Commission by proposing special bills. But Mr. Whalen's bill did the trick, although, being more circuitous, it necessitated amputating the functions of all the other boards.

The amendment, if passed by the people, will automatically amend numerous laws and stultify hundreds of administrative functions. Rate regulation, which today is extremely difficult, will become impossible. The many other functions of the Public Service Commission such as the issuance of certificates of public convenience, the control of utility capitalization, and the safeguarding of crossings will be given to the courts. The destructiveness of a baby with a new toy will be illustrated across a wider canvas. Enforcement of the Labor Relations Act will be farcical. The judiciary, once so fertile in the injunctive process, will hardly agree with the findings of a labor board sympathetic to the purposes of the act. The regulation of banks is a delicate mechanism requiring understanding and discretion. But the Banking Board's right to determine interest rates, reserves, and when a bank must be closed will pass to the courts. In the words of former Judge Cuthbert Pound of the Court of Appeals, the courts "will have purely administrative duties imposed on them and they will be encroaching on the legislative power when they are forced to deal with regulatory matters."

Public opinion follows the press in national affairs no less than in so choice a divertisement as the recent escape of Jimmy Hines. Editorialized news columns still guide our thinking—if it can be called that. Thus it is that a recent Gallup poll should find a majority of the public believing that the NLRB shows a preference for the CIO—a view sharply contradicted by the facts.

The antidote is counter-education. The public must be taught that the courts cannot administer the fields now in the hands of administrative tribunals. They lack the technical skill, are hampered by antiquated procedural methods and technical rules of evidence—and haven't the time. The boards are not infringing on judicial territory—for the courts never administered such laws as the National Labor Relations Act or the Social Security Act. The boards, if sometimes politically selected, need feel no shame before the politically elected courts. In fine, they are hated not for infringement, not for politics, but because they personify the laws they enforce.

No changes in the administrative structure of the states or federal government should be made until after an appropriate study of the subject. An American Bar Association committee has been studying the problem for three years. In England, the publication of Lord Hewart's thriller, *The Great Despotism,* led to a three-year investigation by the lord chancellor's Committee on Ministers' Powers which showed the charges of administrative dictatorship to be unfounded. Any serious examination of the facts in this country will have the same result and will give support to Justice Stone's tart rejoinder in the AAA case, that "Courts are not the only agency of government that must be assumed to have capacity to govern."

Colin Allen

"Okay, guys! Four—eight—six—hike!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eleutheria

A Short Story

NAOMI MITCHISON

Her name is Eleutheria, which means Freedom, but that is a common name in Greece. For centuries the Greeks were under the domination of Turkey, and only got their freedom three generations ago; so they cared for it—and did not realize how easily the essentials of freedom can go when a dictator works up a scare and then takes over power and has a cleanup of liberals, democrats, trade unionists, and all such low trash! That had not happened to Greece when Eleutheria was a little girl, but she lived to see it happen. Perhaps she will live to see real freedom come again.

She was born in a mountain village in Crete. Her father was a small farmer; he had terraced the stony hillsides year by year, picking out the stones by hand, building walls, digging the soil, and planting. In spring he had vegetable crops, beans and lettuce, and the short-stalked barley which ripens and is harvested in May. By that time his vines were in full leaf, and must be summer pruned—they drank their own wine, flavored with sharp resin and very different from the sweet foreign wines that were sometimes served in the cafes and which tasted sickly and inferior to the true Greek. In hot August came the vintage, and bare-legged Eleutheria picked baskets and baskets full of the sticky, sun-warmed grapes. In another month she was at it again, piling the ripe olives into cloths and baskets as her brothers knocked them down from the trees. There were sweet chestnuts, too, and a little tobacco, to be carefully dried.

It was cold up there in the winter, and everyone crowded round the wood fire. Eleutheria and her mother and sisters had spun wool with a distaff and spindle while they herded the sheep and goats in summer, keeping them off the crop terraces; and now they wove the woolen thread into heavy coats and blankets. Someone would sing a long, quavering story-song; there would be pipe playing and sometimes dancing in rounds, girls and boys not touching but each holding the end of a handkerchief. Above all there was story telling. Eleutheria's mother's father was a brigand, and he had the best stories of all; she loved to sit on her grandfather's knee and listen while he told them about raids and robberies, all conducted on a grand scale, with gifts to the poor or the widow, and sometimes a present to the monks so as to keep on the right side of God. Grandfather had a fine gray mustache which he twirled while he talked; the handle of his pistol was beautifully inlaid with silver and his knife hilt was ivory and coral. Evenings were truce times, and Grandfather would drink coffee and mastica with the authorities under the village tree.

But there was one man that Grandfather thought very highly of—in fact, Eleutheria had been named after him—and that was his old friend Eleutherios Venizelos, somebody who had been, in his younger days, not unsympathetic to the best kind of brigandage. Grandfather explained that Venizelos in his middle age had taken to ideas—but, after all, that was a thing that used to happen to the Greeks in the very oldest days of all, and perhaps it might be that these ideas were the right ones. They were ideas about freedom, about everyone having the right to his own opinion and everyone having a chance to live decently and to have his say in the government. Venizelos was a Republican, and wasn't that right, for whoever heard of the ancient Greeks in the days of their glory having kings and queens? Venizelos was to bring back glory to Greece, and honor among nations; some day he would turn out King Constantine, who, after all, was only king in Athens—in Crete they laughed at him!

So Eleutheria grew up, with good years and bad, and by and by the war came. How everyone talked! How often the little coffee cups were filled and emptied! Was Greece coming in? King Constantine was pro-German, but Venizelos was too clever for him; besides, everyone knew what those English warships could do! And in 1917 Greece came into the war on the same side as the warships, and with plenty of promises from the Allies.

That year Eleutheria was beginning to sing real women's songs and wear heavy, embroidered skirts that swung from her hips as she walked to church on Sundays. And what was the war? Something for men. There had always been wars, always would be. She had heard songs about the Greek War of Liberation when she was a baby. This was another war.

After the war came the influenza, when Grandfather died, and then her mother, and one of her brothers. It was Eleutheria who took on the main work and responsibility of the house, Eleutheria who talked over crops and beasts with her father. She had no time for politics, though sometimes she heard the name of Venizelos, and heard how he was struggling for his ideas. She heard, too, how the old enemy, the Turks, had taken Smyrna, burning and looting and killing men, women, and children. A few refugees even came to Crete, but most went to Athens or the other islands. But there was a young farmer courting Eleutheria that year, and one's own affairs come first. Sometimes a newspaper came up to the village, but she wasn't a great reader—what was the good of reading, anyhow?

The rest of the family grew up and scattered. The eldest son took over the farm; another moved down to Candia and bought himself a little shop, where his wife did all the work. The third went over to Athens and for years there was no news of him. One sister married in Crete and later on another went into service in Athens and saved up for her dowry. Eleutheria worked on her husband's farm, spun her own wool on a distaff, as her mother had done before her, and bore five children, of whom one died young, as so many babies did. That was God's will, as were also the sore eyes that the others got every summer. But flies always crawl into babies' eyes in summer; that is God's will, too. Some grow up blind. And sometimes there are bad harvests and then one has to borrow money, and somehow one can never pay it back. There was a bogy for Eleutheria and her husband called the Bank. Whenever there was a profit on anything, the Bank ate it up, saying it was interest due. One very bad year, the Bank sent in the police, and the police took Eleutheria's marriage chest and all her copper pans. That was the year, too, when she sold her best dress, the one with the heavy embroidery round the hem, crimson and magenta and yellow and green—colors that her great-grandmother had steeped out of bark and lichen and wild fruits, all to make splendid a daughter's wedding. Eleutheria cried over that; she hated to let her dress go—the dress that should have gone to her own little Sofia. But the peddler who came round offered her six hundred drachmas for it—more than a pound—and she had to have the money. Later on, in Athens, she saw dresses much less beautifully embroidered than hers being sold to tourists for six times what she got for hers, and she cried again, remembering her little Sofia and the others who might, after all, have had a year's good food out of the dress she had so hated bargaining about and letting go to the old man.

One year Eleutheria had a letter from her brother in Athens. He was working at the docks in Piraeus. She could not understand all the letter. He told her he had joined a trade union; that was to give him and his friends strength to bargain with the merchants and shipowners, to get them bread for their wives and children: a kind of magic to help the poor. And we need something, Eleutheria thought, for the saints don't answer much nowadays, even if we burn a dozen candles. He said, too, that he was still a good Cretan and would follow Venizelos still for liberty and democracy, and against the army folk, who were mad. But Venizelos was getting old, and though he was still working for his ideas, yet he might be beaten, and then the poor folk, Cretans and Athenians, would have to look after themselves some

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other way. Eleutheria knitted her brother a pair of stockings of good Cretan wool, and she and her husband said prayers before the dark, gold-flickering ikon, for the Cretan Venizelos.

Yet news came to Crete that Venizelos was dead: dead in France, far off, where his enemies had driven him: poisoned, some said. And again there was much talk over the thick sweet coffee and the bitter-tasting, strong mastica. But Eleutheria heard little. Her husband had hurt himself in the fields, stumbling onto the blade of a pruning knife. He tied up the cut and went on working, but it did not heal as it should. When they took him to the hospital, it was too late to do much. Eleutheria was left with the farm and the debts and children too young to work.

She wrote to her brother and sister in Athens. The brother sent a little money and a lot of news about politics which she did not think about then. The sister wrote that she had told her mistress, who said that Eleutheria might come over and be a maid in her flat: if she did that she might in time save up enough money to pay off the debts. The sister added that since she had been a cook she had saved up a good dowry, but she was thinking of marrying in Athens, where one could manage so that one didn't have a baby every year.

Eleutheria said she would go. It was hard for a farmer's wife to go into service, but there was nothing for it. Her other sister and brother-in-law took over the farm and the children—and the debts. But she went to the Bank and promised them to send half her wages every month; she signed a paper about that, and took it with her to Athens in her bundle.

Her brother met her at Piraeus; she was scared and flustered. It was midsummer and very hot, and everyone seemed to be shouting and rushing about, and there were words chalked up on the walls everywhere. Her brother said that the new government of Metaxas, who was the old enemy of Venizelos, had said that there was to be no more right to strike, and also there was to be government control of the workers' insurance funds. Eleutheria did not understand it all, only that Metaxas was a bad man who hated liberty and would not let the people who worked have any rights. She saw signs painted on the wall, of a hammer crossed with a sickle, such as she herself had cut the barley crop with, year after year, in the little terraced fields at home.

It was not such hard work being a maid as it had been being the wife of a farmer in debt, but she had to learn all sorts of queer ways, and there seemed too much washing to do. It was very strange that her sister should be so upset about fleas; she had never heard of a bed without fleas. And again, there was much killing of flies. There were no flies allowed on the eyes of her mistress' baby, even while he slept. And it came to Eleutheria that she, too, would have liked a white carriage on wheels and white sheets for her babies. The one which had died...

She was beginning to understand things and to find her way about Athens when something terrible happened. It was a morning in August. She knew that her brother and his union were going to have a day's protest strike, and the other unions with them. It was to show that not all could be borne by the workers from Metaxas. That seemed to be sense. But in the morning Athens was filled with soldiers marching and proclamations. Eleutheria and her sister put up the shutters over the windows that faced the street, and found their mistress in tears. It seemed that her husband was in the party that still called itself Venizelist, the party of the liberals. He was a professor. There used to be ink stains on his shirt cuffs that Eleutheria could never quite wash out.

He was arrested the next day. But Eleutheria's brother had been arrested on the day that should have been the worker's day, the day of the protest strike. For two weeks the women of that household went morning after morning to the police station; the mistress and the two maids cried in one another's arms. The Bank said it would not give Eleutheria's mistress any more money. Banks were bad places, said Eleutheria, but the lady should not be so upset; she, Eleutheria, would not desert her, and her sister knew all the best pawnshops in Athens. That little twisty-legged clock, now, which had always seemed to her so beautiful, but which she had heard the master say was not modern, they would take that away, and the lady need think no more about the Bank and the bad things it was doing. Some day, said Eleutheria, we will smash up all the Banks and stop them eating our money.

Then news came. First from the professor; it was a little letter in pencil; a boy slipped it under the door and then ran away. When the mistress read it she turned very white. She read it aloud to Eleutheria and her sister. It said: "Dearest, things are not so bad for me as for some; several have been so badly beaten that they cannot stand; I have only been a little beaten and I have said nothing that would dishonor me or our cause or the Hellas that will be. I think I shall be banished; try to send me food; we have only one meal a day of beans or bread. I would like some linen, too; at last I am as lousy as our ancestors in Aristophanes! Tell Eleutheria that I think her brother is alive and that he has been very brave." It said then how he thought it would be possible to see him.

They went to the prison. After a long time and after some money changed hands, they were allowed to go in. It was very dark. The mistress put her handkerchief over her mouth because of the smell. A man was moaning behind a locked door. The mistress passed in the bundle and spoke for a little, quickly, while Eleutheria and her sister talked to the warden, loud and laughingly so that he would not hear the others whispering.

It was very odd, Eleutheria thought, to see the professor, who had always been so clean and far-off looking, now as dirty as an ordinary man, and with the afraid look in his eyes that her husband used to have when he was thinking about the debt on the farm. It made her think of him differently, and she was careful and kind to the baby after that.

Then she and her sister found out in which prison their brother was, and went to see him. The lady gave them shirts and socks and a pair of trousers of the master's to take to him; in that prison it was underground and there were a great many rats. The brother could not stand properly. He said it hurt him too much. Even a fortnight after it had happened, his face was purple and blue in patches; he did not think that he would get back the sight of one eye. It was the same or worse for his comrades, worst of all for those who were married and who knew their wives and babies had nothing to eat.

That was in 1936.

The professor was exiled to an island in the Aegean, a bare, rocky island, where the springs run dry in summer and the peasants have little enough to eat themselves. There are a lot of political prisoners there; they don't know how long the exile will last. They are cold in winter and thirsty in summer and always rather hungry; there are no books and very few medical stores; they don't know what is happening to their families. It isn't easy to go on being a good liberal. The professor is thinking that something besides liberalism will be needed before Greece can secure the liberty and democracy that Eleutherios Venizelos lived and died for.

The three women are still living in the flat in Athens, but most of the pretty things in it that used to bother Eleutheria so much when she was dusting have gone. The police come there often and those are bad days. If the professor escaped from his exile, the police would take the mistress and her baby off to prison; everyone knows that. And everyone knows that the things which are done to women in the Greek prisons are even worse than the things which are done to men.

The brother is in prison still; some people are strong enough not to die even when things are done to them that seem likely to kill any human body. People who believe in something very clearly do not die. The belief is stronger in them than the pain of raw wounds and bruises and broken ribs and twisted joints and dirt and hunger. But some of his friends have died—and if it goes on much longer . . . Some of his friends who had not been so keen the year before were arrested last year, on March 14. That was the day they had the great mass for the soul of Venizelos. Somebody—several people—shouted: Long Live Liberty and the Constitution. Fifty men and women were in the hands of the police that night in Athens, and others in Crete. But the shouting goes on happening and will go on this year in spite of Metaxas, for liberty is the kind of word which gets very deep into people's thoughts.

Eleutheria has learnt a great deal in the last two years, more than she did in all her life before.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Readers' Forum

Sinclair Explains

TO NEW MASSES: I have just read your comments on my article, "Expect no Peace." I agree with them all. The statement that Russia, when it was a capitalist nation, was predatory, while now it is struggling for peace because it is a nation on a production-for-use basis—that is a fact which I have often pointed out, and it seems to me of vital importance. Perhaps your readers might be interested to know that the article, "Expect no Peace," was not intended for Socialist propaganda, but was an effort to trouble the minds and consciences of the readers of some capitalist magazine. But, alas, no capitalist magazine would permit its readers to see it. The article was written more than a year ago and only slightly revised to bring it up to date.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Pasadena, Calif.

Advertising in Politics

TO NEW MASSES: Your readers may be interested in the following supplement to my article "Advertising in Politics," in your issue of October 4.

In his column "The Political Pot," John Broman of the *People's World,* progressive San Francisco daily, reports that McCann-Erickson, Inc., San Francisco's largest advertising agency, has set up a "department of public relations." In connection with this department, the agency sent out the following appeal:

"A principal factor prompting the establishing of the new department is the increasing recognition of the importance of satisfactory publicity and industrial relations to everyone with something to sell, *whether it be a can of beans or a proposition on the ballot or a fair presentation of a labor controversy.*" (My italics.)

I cite this by way of further support of my contention that there is going to be more of this kind of "advertising in politics" during the next few years.

HY KRAVIF.

New York City.

Padlock Law

TO NEW MASSES: Hubert Desaulniers' letter on "Fascism in Canada," published in your October 11 issue, has spurred me to add my voice to his; for I myself happen to be a victim of the Quebec Padlock Law.

My home was visited last month by Provincial special officers who, after ransacking my collection of books, magazines, etc., carried away my complete library except for about two dozen innocent, uninteresting novels. Among the books they took were *I Like America,* Hicks' biography of John Reed, Walter Duranty's *I Write As I Please* and *One Life One Kopeck,* Agnes Smedley's *China Fights Back,* the Webbs' *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization,* Ralph Bates' *Lean Men* and *Olive Field,* Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money,* and many novels by French, Russian, and American writers.

The Padlock Law is supposed to combat Communism but no definition of Communism is given, so the officers have the right to confiscate anything that has any progressive leaning, such as the book on the war in Spain, by the Duchess of Atholl, which was also taken from my library. On the following day, as it happened, the duchess came to Montreal to give a lecture in defense of Spanish democracy, and more than $1,000 was collected at the meeting.

They left me—purposely, I presume—Sinclair Lewis' *It Can't Happen Here,* probably to remind me that it *does* happen here.

Montreal. FRANK LEONE.

P.S. It may interest you to know that all my copies of NEW MASSES, the *Nation,* and other periodicals were confiscated.

"Little Steel"

TO NEW MASSES: For the sake of those readers who read nothing but your book reviews, may I add a few words to your "small obituary" over Upton Sinclair's sixtieth book, *Little Steel?* It was first published in the *Daily Worker,* a scoop for the country's best paper and for Sinclair. To date nobody was disappointed, and that includes Earl Browder, and other men of letters who wrote nicely about it. Your reviewer, possibly in a tragic moment, brings in King Lear and Cordelia. A more apt comparison might have been made with *The Tempest.* The author's own description on the jacket calls it a "gay fantasy." If anyone doubts that Little Steel can be treated that way, Sinclair's new book is his medicine.

Sinclair seems to have found out what people will read from a Socialist author, not only in America but throughout the world. His latest bibliography lists 772 titles in forty-seven languages and thirty-nine countries, outside of the USA. He has literally millions of readers, including some inside the USA, and is our most widely read man of letters.

He is a unique American phenomenon—the only writer with a wide as well as at times a deep appeal who got voted into the governorship of California but didn't get elected. He started off with the twentieth-century equivalent of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—a book about the packing-house industry that raised a furore—*The Jungle.* But Mrs. Stowe could not repeat, and Sinclair has, some fifty-nine times, on varying levels of excellence, and including the best $1.25 anthology in existence, *The Cry for Justice.* He is one of the few mass writers who show the people in a human way they seem to understand, not only the lives they experience, but the strange antics of the people on the hill. In that sense, he is the nearest thing we have to the kind of Socialist writer Gorky called for some years ago —who would take the captains of industry as leading characters.

There is a quality, both childlike and mellow, in Sinclair's last work which endears it to people and at the same time displays his weakness. "You can't serve an idea until you separate it from the people who advocate it," one character says. This separation of ideas from people is, however, something Sinclair evades, and it allows him to write a romantic fantasy rather than the tragic working out of human destiny your reviewer seemed to be looking for that day. To the degree that Sinclair does face the indivisibility between ideas, and people who work them out, perhaps his eightieth book will be his best?

Your reviewer makes a plea for first novels, and this is understandable from a reviewing point of view. A one-book man can be viewed in an isolated, literary way. A man of sixty books, and many votes, cannot. He has to be viewed as a living entity, into which one of his books falls as a gay fantasy. And this is where your reviewer fails. So that the reader who does not book-review pages would not kno we have a man of letters on the —barring over-literary reviewers—. American candidate for the Nobel ature. WALTER

Philadelphia.

Havelock Ellis

TO NEW MASSES: An idea has occ to honor the coming birthday of a man who is not at all associated with t class movement, although in his youth and soon leave, the Fabian Society. But tist and a student, he has been conspic those who have held high a serene l faith in the people, and have fought fo without suffering, against the reactio snipe from behind statute books and po

February 2, 1939, will mark the eight day of Dr. Havelock Ellis. Best know epoch-making seven volumes of *Studies chology of Sex,* the claim which he h reverence of the people will be more f stood by those who have read his *New* ing with one of the most profound app Walt Whitman in English, his *Littl Love and Virtue,* his *Sonnets and Folk* his three volumes of *Impressions and C*

Some years ago, Havelock Ellis was by Emma Goldman to lend his name t tive anti-Soviet committee. Ellis was points of what he, like others, termed "experiment," but intuitively he knew th Soviet committee was no place for a lo manity, and he firmly declined. A few n from England, he sent his endorsement o stration called in New York by the League for Peace and Democracy.

It is not inappropriate for the Comm America to take a leading part in hono Briton; it was the F. A. Davis Co., scie lishers of Philadelphia, who first publishe mentous *Studies* when the fools of his ow officially found him a "purveyor of filth." a modest committee be formed to organize tribute which would come fitly from the of the class which is to inherit his work

BURRILL FRE

New York City.

Letters in Brief

THE aid of NEW MASSES readers in bui an adequate library is requested by th ing School of the National Committee of t munist Party. Theoretical and history book cially American history), classical lit current novels, American or Soviet, pamphl other publications are needed. People wh such literature which they can spare shou municate with the School Commission of t tional Committee, 35 East 12th St., Ne City. . . . From the Interne Council of we have a letter urging support of the Bu now before the New York City Council, municipal hospital internes $680 a year. At an interne receives only 50 cents a day a he must have a college degree and four y medical school before even beginning his ship. Letters demanding passage of the bill go to the Hon. Joseph T. Sharkey, to other m of the City Council, and Mayor LaGuardi Paul Traugott, of Media, Pa., would like m cific information on the Walco Sapphire pho needle which Roy Gregg recommended in hi review in the October 11 NEW MASSES. "Mr. states," writes Mr. Traugott, "that the 'stands up to every test I have been able to In the interest of the several persons who led or misled into buying this needle on Mr. recommendation, would it be too much to to state just precisely what tests he has bee give the needle?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIEW AND COMMENT

Lincoln Steffens

.y the French still recognize letter-riting as a branch of literature. Few mericans write good letters; it is an for which we haven't the leisure sity.

I feared that the collected *Letters i Steffens* (edited by Ella Winter ville Hicks. Harcourt, Brace & Co.) might prove a dull family monu- s memory, an act of piety. Hadn't r put the best of himself into his *tobiography*?

I was banal and wrong. Lincoln *vas* one of the great letter-writers. ith Carl Sandburg, who says of this "there are moments when he sur- sheer writing, in vivid human utter- best spots in his books hitherto ."

tutobiography gives the facts; the *Let-* e one the feel of these facts. The *raphy* is history; the *Letters* are art ity.

is used letter-writing as a means of fication. He had, too, a genius for ip which he expressed in letters that itiful as a child's hug.

emerges from the letters is the por- of a muckraker but of an American o find his specific American soul.

is, as a young man, had drunk the vine of American transcendentalism. suaded his parents to send him to Eu- here he spent several university years to construct a philosophy in the voids ract ethics.

then the other America reasserted it- ie young Californian philosopher wrote her that he wanted to come back to

world is for workers, not for tourists. I seek ving, struggling, battling of the practical which far outranks the philosophic heaven. philosophy, a literature, art—they must be run a railroad, govern a town, nation, a newspaper, and sell goods.

re was a plan for young Steffens to broker's office in Wall Street. "Weir s there is too much underhand and business in that occupation," he writes her. "Very well, I want to see just icky business. It would suit my plans to get in with a tricky broker and he tricks for literary purposes."

ie did not become a broker, nor did become a novelist. He somehow amal-gamated the various drives of his life—business, literature, and morals—and turned into a crusading journalist who exposed the worst sores of political corruption, then tried to heal them with the Golden Rule. In other words, Steffens became a mystic police reporter; a Bronson Alcott who lobbied for the Ineffable in the precincts of Tammany Hall; a St. Francis who played the stock market all his life and made real cash out of it.

To me, the whole of the muckraking and reform era in American politics is symbolized in a letter from Steffens to Frederick C. Howe, a single-tax leader. Steffens discusses very earnestly the political situation of the time, a matter of passionate interest to both men. Then he proceeds to give advice on the stocks Howe was playing at the moment, this with equal earnestness. Both these reformers and leaders of the people were always up to their necks in the market. Both had a stake in the system.

From the start, even as a dreamy young man, Steffens accepted simply the moral code of his class—that the first duty of a man is to make a fortune. Many of his fellow-reformers were as shrewd and successful in business as Steffens. But the healthy and revolutionary tradition of bourgeois democracy was deep in their bones; it compelled them to fight the trusts. They never wanted to abolish capitalism; they wanted only to Christianize and democratize it.

Steffens spent his life trying to reconcile ethics and business; Christ and Tom Girdler. It couldn't be done; but it took him forty years to find that out. This is why he was always so angry about bourgeois education, and wanted originally to call his autobiography *A Story of Unlearning*. The *Letters* are full of his lifelong protest against conventional lies.

Helen Ludwig

Yet it was this very protest, this search for a noble and human ethic in daily economic life, that made Steffens unique. He questioned all things and all men, most of all himself. He was a Yankee Socrates, whose chief delight was to expose the contradictions of his world.

Steffens distrusted theory; his chief dogma was the open mind. He was unconscious of the fact that his every thought and deed were permeated with a confused theory one might label as Christian pragmatism.

It was this theory that led him to a strange and impartial benevolence toward both Communism and fascism—"the two great experiments of our time," He also fell hard for the so-called New Capitalism, in those blissful days just before the Great Boom went out with a bang.

Yet, Lincoln Steffens did find his way out of the labyrinthine capitalist lie. It was in his last years that he finally saw that democracy could survive only under a new form. He became a Communist, as is stated in his last letters. The sorrow is that it could not have happened in his prime. Steffens had great gifts to bring to American Communism—he knew America better than most, he knew the secret of popular education.

There are over a thousand pages of the Steffens letters. They are the intimate diary of a great American life, more complete and honest than any sifted autobiography could be. It is impossible in a short review to convey the flavor of these letters. Each page contains some nugget of ripe wisdom or genuine wit. The temptation is to quote and quote—I believe a fascinating book of Steffens epigrams could be culled from these letters.

What also emerges for me, curiously enough, is the figure of a great American educator. In one of the letters, Steffens asks Bob La Follette for the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. Glenn Frank drew the prize, and, as the world now knows, it did the young people not a bit of good, and only added another stuffed-shirt to the list of Republican tories. But Steffens had the right instinct. He could have made about the most original and influential college president America ever had.

He was boundlessly paternal. As his letters reveal, Steffens knew how to foster the personality of others, how to make them think

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

better of themselves and to release their energies. He deeply respected youth; he cared most for youth and its future. John Reed was a product of the informal university conducted by Steffens; and there were many others.

I believe these *Letters* give as good a portrait of the middle-class mind in America as Madame de Staël's were of her France. I think they are as important as the Steffens *Autobiography*—indeed, indispensable to an understanding of that book. Ella Winter and Granville Hicks have performed a necessary and historic task. Furthermore, I believe these letters make wittier and more exciting reading, and have a more complicated plot and better love interest, than ninety-nine out of the hundred novels published last month, and the month before, and the year before that.

When my boy begins to read, I am going to ease him into studying these letters. I know they were meant for him and for all youth, I know they will teach him much about fine, human relationships, the process of honest thinking, and what makes America tick.

MICHAEL GOLD.

China Reborn

ONE-FIFTH OF MANKIND: THE CHINESE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, *by Anna Louise Strong. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.*

TODAY, when China is fighting desperately to resist Japanese aggression, a new danger threatens to nullify its great sacrifices. Flushed with their most recent "success," the four "Munich powers" are hoping to extend their mediatory influence to the Chinese situation. The invasion of Canton is aimed in part to hasten Britain's efforts toward such intervention. If possible, the four "Munich powers" intend to involve the United States in this attempt at mediation. Certainly, the result of the Czechoslovakian settlement should be a warning that similar interference in the Far East can do China *no* good and can confer *no* credit on this country. China does not want such peace conferences. Chiang Kai-shek has repeatedly stated that peace terms cannot be discussed until Japan has withdrawn its troops from Chinese territory. The United States should do nothing to betray its traditional sympathy for the efforts of China to preserve its national integrity.

But, unfortunately, the American people as a whole do not fully grasp the significance of China's struggle for national independence. They have never learned to understand what Secretary of State John Hay meant when he said, forty years ago, that "the world's peace rests with China and whoever understands China . . . holds the key to world politics during the next five centuries." This lack of understanding on the part of the American people seriously handicaps the United States government in its effort to play a constructive role in the Far East. To the average person, China is a mysterious and intriguing country

Fred Ellis

of dark and deep secrets, rather than a country of 450,000,000 people desirous of nothing but an opportunity to develop peacefully into an independent and democratic nation.

It is to the great credit of Anna Louise Strong that in her new book, *One-Fifth of Mankind,* [illegible] and for all not only dispels the common illusion about China but also paints in simple yet eloquent words, in the brief compass of some two hundred pages, four thousand years of Chinese history. One cannot help but marvel at Miss Strong's skill in condensing so vast a period in so short a space, and yet including pointed analyses of the major currents throughout the centuries. From an effective portrayal of the political, economic, and geographic history of the life of Chinese farmers through forty centuries of a self-sufficient existence, she leads the reader into the momentous years of the middle of the nineteenth century when China was opened up by Western penetration. This period in Chinese modern history took a new turn with the 1911 revolution led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whose three principles of nationalism, democracy, and the people's livelihood, the Chinese people have since been struggling to realize. Miss Strong makes clear how these principles have today become an actual force in China's rapidly developing social and political unity. During the remarkable growth of China in the decade following the World War there occurred the great 1924-27 revolution in which the unity of a major section of the Chinese people was symbolized by a Kuomintang-Communist united front. The split in this united front in 1927 not only set China back but gave Japan the opportunity for a series of encroachments upon Chinese territory, culminating in the Lukouchiao incident of July 7, 1937. It was not until unity was reestablished following this event that the Chinese nation once more became revitalized and again gave proof to the world that a united nation fighting a war of resistance to aggression must, by the very nature of the struggle, turn to a healthy nationalism and democracy. The oft-repeated cries of the Japanese military leaders and their Western apologists that China is a hotbed of Communism are very ably and conclusively stripped by Miss Strong of their false exaggerations and misstatements.

Anna Louise Strong's intimate understanding of China dates back to the fateful year of 1927 when she was an observer of the last stage of the 1927 revolution at Wuhan, the present provisional capital of China and the next objective of the Japanese military invasion. Only a few months ago she again spent much time not only in Hankow but on the various war fronts. A friend of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, she had the advantage of interviewing both her and the generalissimo, many generals such as Yen Hsi-shan and Chu Teh, statesmen, as well as hundreds of workers and farmers.

Furthermore, as one whose ancestors settled in this country before 1776, she is especially qualified to make the extraordinary parallel she does between the American Revolution and the latest war in China. This parallel not only throws a significant light on the present struggle in China but on our own revolutionary history and its effect on the last 150 years. When Chiang Kai-shek said that "the United States of America fought nine years for its independence; if China has to fight nine years for independence, we can fight nine years," he too illustrated that as leader of the Chinese nation he understands the full implication of his country's efforts to remain a free nation. In the generalissimo's frequent statements asking for American help, he often draws this parallel and keeps reminding us that for many years the United States has been the staunchest friend of China, and that if Japan succeeds in annihilating China, China will fail to fulfill the great hopes which the American people have always entertained for its future.

Miss Strong makes it as clear as daylight that a just and enduring settlement of the Far Eastern problem can be achieved only on the basis of a strong and independent China, and that the American people have it in their power to ensure such a result. Hers is undoubtedly the best popular book on China. A wide reading of it would go a long way toward at last destroying the illusion that one-fifth of mankind has very little meaning for us, and toward creating a background of understanding which can inspire the American government to make effective its traditional policy of friendship for China.

PHILIP J. JAFFE.

Spender's Verse-Play

TRIAL OF A JUDGE, *by Stephen Spender. Random House. $1.50.*

THE territory that most of us thought had been preempted, in English left letters, by Christopher Isherwood is the subject of Stephen Spender's verse-play, *Trial of a Judge.* In unforgettable prose Isherwood has been recreating for us the Berlin of 1932-33, help-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The
AMERICAN ARTISTS SCHOOL
invites *New Masses* readers to inquire about its annual membership plan. The following lectures are free to members:
Weekly—Saturdays at 10:30 A.M. **Course in Problems of Art Appreciation. Instructor: Sidney Goldberg.**
Bi-Monthly: Sundays at 8:30 P.M. **Lectures covering the various art fields by leading exponents.**
Bi-Monthly: Fridays at 9 P.M. **Faculty members and invited artists on the arts.**
Other membership privileges.
For further information address:
131 West 14 St., N. Y. C. CH. 3-9621

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL
NEW MASSES
BALL
Dancing Until 3 A.M. to the Music of the
SAVOY SULTANS
Saturday Evening
DECEMBER 3
Admission: $1 in advance, $1.50 at the door. Tickets on sale at: New Masses, 31 East 27th Street; Workers Bookshop, 50 East 13th Street; Brownsville Bookshop, 365 Sutter Avenue (Brooklyn); Rand Bookshop, 7 East 15th Street; Chelsea Bookshop, 58 West 8th Street; Columbia Bookstore, 2960 Broadway; Putnam Bookstore, 2 West 45th Street, and Webster Hall.
WEBSTER HALL
119 EAST 11TH STREET, N. Y. C.

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

ing us to understand, by almost clinical analysis, the reactions of all types of intellects, all social classes to the terror that overtook Germany at that time. Spender has invaded the field, less successfully than Isherwood certainly, but with a power and an eloquence in his poetry that no previous subject, not even the massacre of the Viennese workers, has given it.

Spender's central figure is a liberal judge faced with a dilemma forced upon him by the murder, by Nazis, of Petra, a Jew and a Communist. Petra's murderers and Petra's fellows both face trial. In the name of the "blonde straight stem of men" betrayed by "ringleted, dark, sly men,/Emigrants from the East and parasites," the Nazis beseech the judge to free them and prosecute the Communists; in the name of human decency the Communists ask the opposite. But the judge, as one might suspect, is a Pontius Pilate and, even worse, is wedded to a Lady Macbeth. His are the familiar and devious ways of the liberal with fine thoughts and no program. Through agonizing indecisions—succumbing to the proddings of his hard, ambitious wife, to the fascist hooligans, to Hummeldorf, another official, then to the Communists, to Petra's fiancée and mother and brother, then back again to the other side—he makes his way finally to the wrong judgment. In the closing scenes the judge is himself tried, his standards of justice tested by both sides, and facing death, with not even his own fate in the balance, feebly and meaninglessly he recants—the last hollow gesture of the insufficiency of his kind.

Spender has worked with a situation that is, in our literature, common enough to make the details of its working out stale and predictable. It is strictly closet drama, and it is with some apprehension that we learn of the Group Theater's plans to produce the play in London this winter. What action there is is almost entirely cerebral, and cerebration cannot, except in the hands of a very few experienced playwrights, keep people moving about a stage, does not, that is, provide a constant change in the relationship of one character to another.

But if the play lacks the essentials of good drama, it contains what seems to me the finest verse Stephen Spender has produced. The insistence of critics to compare Spender, Auden, and Lewis has perhaps been unfair and deleterious to the work of all three, but it is nevertheless true that Spender's poetry has always seemed to lack the clarity and sharpness of Lewis' and the ease and fluidity of Auden's. But after *Trial of a Judge* that can no longer be said. Spender has tightened and economized his style, has become eloquent without becoming rhetorical, and there is no page of this volume that does not contain admirable versification. As a single and complete work, *Trial of a Judge* is unimpressive, but from the point of view of technical development, and assuming the same high degree of purpose and consciousness, it promises a good deal. RICHARD H. ROVERE.

The Nazi Assault on Culture

SCHOOL FOR BARBARIANS, *by Erika Mann. With an introduction by Thomas Mann. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.*

YOU may know in a general way what National Socialism has done to education in Germany; you may have read documented reports, curricula, and textbooks; you may have observed the sad deterioration of the German doctoral dissertations and learned articles dealing with your own special study; you may have followed the news accounts of books burned, professors dismissed, students excluded, and scientific doctrines perverted—and yet, with all this information at your disposal, you have still much to learn from Erika Mann's concrete description of German schools today. Miss Mann's book is designed to provide that accompaniment of sharply vivid detail which alone enables one to visualize the actual situation and procedures under Nazi education. The author not only supplies definite information on the functioning of schools in such matters as courses, textbooks, the relation of teachers to the fascist party and of children to the hierarchy of Nazi organizations through which they must pass.

All this we know—in general. But the knowledge is here made acute as never before, by personal anecdote, by remembered conversation, and by apt quotation. You are taken into a classroom and forced to watch the spiritual martyrdom of a little Jewish girl being displayed to her classmates for "racial" characteristics, such as "gigantic nose, negroid lips, inferior frizzy hair . . . and, besides, a cowardly and disloyal facial expression"; you are introduced into families paralyzed by fear lest an untoward word or deed may cause one member to denounce another; you share with little children the grueling marches, the war games, the lessons based on hatred and hysteria which are relentlessly transforming them, a whole generation of them, into something as yet unknown in the annals of childhood in any part of the world.

The detailed outline of a distorted course in history, the arithmetic and chemistry problems so fanatically preoccupied with murder by air, the lessons in "Nordic" language, the execrable verses "for children" quoted from many sources, the uses of the pornographic *Stürmer* in the classroom, serve to illustrate the constant attrition of hatred and ugliness to which young minds are being subjected. One despairs of estimating the psychological damage it must cause.

The task of ultimate interpretation is left to the reader. Miss Mann teaches us as never before that there is a profound antipathy between Nazism and culture, that all education is oriented toward war, that the aim of world domination by Nazi Germany is held insistently before the eyes of students; but she does not attempt to indicate the reasons for all this. The few paragraphs devoted to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Story of
New Masses
I LIKE AMERICA DRIVE
for 20,000
new subscribers

Ten or twelve million "middle middle class" Americans—that's the group to which Granville Hicks' *I Like America* was addressed and from which *New Masses* will draw its 20,000 new subscribers. For we know that as *New Masses* grows, so will grow this class in consciousness and understanding of the forces surrounding it.

●

We started the *I Like America* drive this past summer. Up to a month ago the results were less than encouraging; but for the past four weeks we have received a fine response. Every day we receive letters enclosing subscriptions and assuring us that the work we are doing is bringing results. "Don't think nobody loves you," writes one reader, enclosing a subscription. "*New Masses* has been the greatest single factor in my own development, and, since it has been a weekly, the progress has been accelerated accordingly." "We old subscribers would have a tough time getting along without the only decent weekly available," writes another.

●

We're getting letters like that every day —warm and encouraging—but they're still not enough. We should be hearing from every one of our subscribers, pledging themselves to getting at least one additional subscription. That way *New Masses* will go on, will continue to bring you and others the history of the day, sensible, realistic and with a clear program of action for those ten or twelve million to whose interests we are dedicated.

●

MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

New Masses I LIKE AMERICA Drive
NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., N. Y. C.

Enclosed is $..... in payment of ..... yearly subscriptions to New Masses at $4.50 each and a FREE copy of *I Like America* to be sent to each. It is understood that when I have sent in 5 yearly subscriptions, I am entitled to one yearly subscription FREE.

(List names and addresses on separate sheet. If 5 are sent herewith, list address to which FREE Prize Subscription is to be sent.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

contrast between the schools under the Weimar republic and those of today might have cut down more incisively to fundamentals without being one whit longer. The great service she has done lies in the assembling of such poignantly living material that even the best instructed reader will find his understanding deepened by studying it. The "coordination" of an educational system like Germany's has meant not only the qualitative worsening here indicated; it has been terrifyingly complete in its quantitative spread. No pejorative change in the whole history of education can be compared to it. One leaves Miss Mann's book with a sobering awareness of the stature as well as the nature of the enemy we have to deal with. Yet her final message contains hope. The very excesses show fear. We may be heartened by some of the worst manifestations of what we deplore. "The extremity of these measures indicates the extent of the real fear of the Nazis, who are striking these blind blows, in the dark, against a 'hidden' opponent—afraid even of the ruins of institutions they have crushed."

MARGARET SCHLAUCH.

Genuflections Before Trotsky

THE STORY OF THE CIO, *by Benjamin Stolberg. Viking Press. $2.*

ORDINARILY I don't suppose that any progressive political journal would waste its precious space to refute the falsifications that comprise Stolberg's book. When it first appeared as a series of articles in the Scripps-Howard newspapers the torrent of protests from trade unionists riddled Stolberg's jerkwater scholarship with a factual cannonade that sent the Trotskyist evangelist back to the library. (Moreover, the protests were enough to smear Mr. Howard's pretentious liberalism.) In San Francisco the local Scripps-Howard editor had to cut sections attacking Harry Bridges and West Coast labor because they were replete with inaccuracies.

But now the strategy of attack which Stolberg used to besmirch the labor movement shifts from an unfounded denunciation of the Communists in the CIO to include an assault on the New Deal and progressive political unity. A solid, unbreakable democratic front becomes alien to the American people because Earl Browder leads an unending fight for it. Roosevelt is a Kremlin puppet for publicly castigating aggressor nations. Continued CIO support of Labor's Non-Partisan League is doomed to chaos because Communists are among the members of the organization. That is the politics of a renegade radical whose stock in trade consists of backroom gossip-mongering with the stumble bums found on the periphery of every important social movement. In 1925 Stolberg wrote in fulsome praise of William Green's accession to the presidency of the AFL. He saw in Green's

Mexico Round Trip **$55.80**

Travel by bus to all parts of the United States, Mexico and Canada.

Cruises and Tours

Domestic and Foreign

To Florida, California, National Parks, West Indies, Havana, Bermuda, South America, Europe.

SOVIET UNION

20% reduction on Soviet land tours. Visit Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev and Odessa.

STEAMSHIP TICKETS TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD
RAIL & BUS TRANSPORTATION
BUSES & BOATS CHARTERED TO ORGANIZATIONS AT LOW RATES

Secure your tickets from

World Tourists, Inc.

175 Fifth Avenue (Flatiron Bldg.)
New York, N. Y. Tel.: ALg. 4-6656-7-8

HEY! FUN!
GALA CABARET AND DANCE
"Sing Out the News" cast and other Broadway celebs
Enoch Light and his "Light Brigade"
HEYWOOD BROUN M. C.
MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, FRI. OCT. 28
Benefit MARCANTONIO campaign
Tickets $1.00

NOW—
a handsome
BINDER
for your
NEW MASSES

To meet the desire of our readers who want an inexpensive way of preserving their copies of NEW MASSES we offer this new Periodical Binder. Handsomely grained, gold embossed, strongly constructed, easily operated. An attractive addition to any library table or desk. Holds six months' NEW MASSES.

$1.50—Postpaid

NEW MASSES
31 East 27th Street, New York

If you wish your name gold embossed on your binder send 25 cents additional.

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A first rate musical show." *Watts, Jr. Herald Tribune.*

DWIGHT DEERE WIMAN PRODUCTION

DENNIS KING • VERA ZORINA • VIVIENNE SEGAL • WALTER SLEZAK

in RODGERS' and HART'S Musical Comedy Hit

I MARRIED AN ANGEL

with Audrey Christie, Charles Walters and 50 Lovely Dancing Angels

• SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

• "One of the great achievements of the American theatre and the American spirit"—WATTS, *Herald Tribune*

RAYMOND MASSEY in ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

A New Play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD . Staged by ELMER RICE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE, W. 45th St. . Clr. 6-9156

PRICES: EVENINGS 8:30, ORCHESTRA $3.30. BALCONY $2.75 to $1.10

MATINEES WED. & SAT. 2:30, $2.75 to $1.10

"Sends you into the night rejoicing." *Whipple, World-Tel.*

MAX GORDON (in association with George S. Kaufman & Moss Hart) presents

SING OUT THE NEWS

Music & Lyrics by HAROLD ROME

Conceived & Directed by CHARLES FRIEDMAN

MUSIC BOX TH. 45th Street West of Broadway, Evenings 8:40 Matinees Thursday & Saturday at 2:40

New York's Hit Musical Revue

"PINS AND NEEDLES"

Lyrics & Music by Harold J. Rome

Staged by Charles Friedman

Labor Stage—106 W. 39th St. Bryant 9-1163

Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c to $2.20. Eves. $1.10 to $2.75

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

"The biggest gun in the Yiddish theatre field!"—WORLD-TELEGRAM.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ *Production of* THREE CITIES *by* SHOLEM ASCH

דרייַ שטעט

YIDDISH ART THEATRE

7th AVE. & 59th ST., CIrcle 6-1730

Evgs. (incl. Sun.) 8:30. Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30

HELEN TESCHNER TAS

TOWN HALL SUN. EVE., NOV. 6 at 8:45

VIOLINIST, accompanied by Chamber Orch. directed by ANDRE POLAH

Bach & Mozart Concertos; Poeme Chausson

Parquet $2.20, $1.65, $1.10. Balc. 55c, 35c & 25c

Professional People's Social League

Dance and Entertainment

Meet young men and women of all the professions in an evening of interesting, intimate and wholesome entertainment.

Learn the Lambeth Walk from **Arthur Murray's Lambeth Walkers**

They'll also dance and demonstrate the Tango, Rhumba and Shag.

See and hear a guest of the Rudy Vallee program . . . He's excellent . . .

See an exhibition of Folk dancing by an accomplished Folk group

Join the group who will teach you an interesting adult folk dance that is easy and enjoyable to learn.

Dancing to the music of an excellent orchestra.

Part of Proceeds to Anti-Nazi League

20 W. 47th St., N. Y.

An allowance of 20c will be made upon presentation, at the door, of this "ad" and your name and address.

FRIDAY EVENING, November 4, 1938 at 8:15 P.M.

Grand Ballroom

HOTEL CENTER, 108 W. 43rd St., N. Y.

Informal **Subscription, $1.00**

The Theater

music, dance, film and art are being covered regularly for NEW MASSES readers in a fresh, forthright and authoritative fashion by our critics.

Read these reviews weekly by subscribing to NEW MASSES.

stuffed-shirt pother the end of Gompersism and the salvation of American labor. In 1938 Stolberg's hero is Homer Martin, the white-haired boy of the CIO saving the United Auto Workers from the "Stalinists." And now that the Unity members of the automobile executive board have been reinstated, how bitterly disappointed Stolberg must be in his prediction that they would "stay expelled." I use these as random examples of Stolberg's crystal-gazing and the weight which can be attached to his judgments.

Stolberg hoists no privateer's flag. He sails under the fraudulent banner of an independent commentator. But his independence evaporates in his genuflections before Trotsky, whose views "are consistently brilliant and profound," and Lovestone, who is a "shrewd tactician." The difference between Trotsky and Lovestone is the difference between one egg and another, and their shrewd tactics and profundity were manifest when they nearly smashed the UAW, to the great joy of Henry Ford and Father Coughlin. Stolberg's articles won admiration from George Sokolsky and Tom Girdler. The book will find the same whole-hearted support from our industrial bourbons.

JOHN STUART.

★

Magazines

SCIENCE AND SOCIETY: A MARXIST QUARTERLY, *Vol. II, No. 4, 35 cents.*

This number marks the end of the second year of *Science and Society*. A reading of the issue convinces us that this quarterly fulfills the need which so many readers have long felt: a Marxian guide to the arts and sciences. Professor Farrington, in "Government and Science in Classical Antiquity," takes us back to ancient Greece, and, in a classic style, shows the prevalence of a sharp contradiction between military despotism on the one hand and humanity and progress on the other.

In "The Ebb of Institutional Economics," Addison T. Cutler gives the first thorough Marxist analysis of what many regard as the most important school of economics in America. "Faced with the inadequacies of institutionalism on the one hand and of neo-classical theory on the other," he concludes, "most professional economists are in a dilemma." The only escape, he argues, is the employment of Marxian theory to assemble and unify its vast accretion of our economic knowledge. "Granted the essentials of academic freedom, the ebb of institutional economics can be accompanied by the utilization of many of its products in the flow of Marxism."

V. D. Kazakevich presents a clear-cut and vivid picture of "Public Works in Two Depressions." A vast housing program, he contends, could possibly reverse the general trend of the depression, but it would face powerful organized opposition of banks and financial interests throughout the country. Dr. Kazakevich concludes that public works are justified even in narrow stock-market terms. It is a short selling of contracting capitalism "in the interest of jobs, democracy, security, and peace."

In the same issue, E. Franklin Frazier, the well known Negro scholar, gives an authoritative account of the fate of the Negro in Northern cities during the depression, while Dorothy Van Ghent, California poet, traces the spiritual progress of Archibald MacLeish through twenty years of his poetry.

Six communications and nineteen reviews of significant books round out the current number.

JOHN AIKEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Abraham Lincoln Lives Again

In the half-darkness of the theater, the audience stirred gently, watching Abe Lincoln up there on the wooden platform take off his stovepipe hat, untangle his long legs, and rise slowly to answer Stephen Douglas. Under the spotlight, Abe Lincoln's face was gaunt, sad. Programs, waving in the warm October night, made white spots in the orchestra, an usher's light flickered here and there.

Abe Lincoln begins slowly. The faint rustle of women's skirts, the little noise of a man crossing and uncrossing his legs, mix with his words. Then gradually the audience falls absolutely still. A painful hush grows and grows in the theater. The people in the next row lean forward, and you can see a woman nervously pulling at her gloves, biting her lip.

On the stage, Abe Lincoln leans forward across the footlights, across the years, and says, his voice trembling with passion, "This country, and its Constitution, belong to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government . . ."

The audience strains forward. Men gulp back excited tears. Abe Lincoln says, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. This nation cannot permanently endure, half slave, half free." Then he turns his back and starts toward his chair. The lights fade and the curtain falls but still the people in the theater are silent.

And finally the hysterical applause, men beating their hands together until they ache, women forgetting their hats and gloves and pocketbooks, clapping, cheering.

And again, in the very last scene, the tragic Lincoln standing on the platform of the train that was to carry him to Washington, saying, "And yet—I believe democracy will endure."

Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is more than great theater, more than the perfect illusion, more than the painstaking performance of an inspired actor, more than the superb artistry of a finished playwright. *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is an exercise in faith, a restatement of the American ideal of democracy. This play might not have brought tears to the eyes of its listeners twenty years ago. Today when free government is challenged everywhere in the world, yes, even in America, no one can sit unmoved while Abe Lincoln cries, "We are facing a crisis in democracy." This play, which is more than a play, for it is history as fresh in the hearts of Americans as though Abe Lincoln lived only yesterday, is our answer to Hitler, our answer to Munich, our answer to Chamberlain—yes, and our answer to Hoover and Dies and Hearst.

Robert Sherwood's recreation of Abraham Lincoln is an inspired, intelligent, and brave achievement. The play shows Lincoln's extraordinary development, from his tormented youth through indecisive middle age until at last he faces the Civil War. Mr. Sherwood minces no words and pulls no punches. Lincoln's political opinions were not ready-made. He began as a more or less conventional local politician, with little interest in national affairs. Gradually Lincoln comes to abhor slavery—but even when he is intellectually convinced, he lacks the courage of his opinions. Mr. Sherwood shows Abe Lincoln listening, listening with curious intensity to the people around him. His clerk, Billy Herndon, loses patience with Lincoln one afternoon and shouts hysterically, "This nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal . . ." And Lincoln listens.

The play turns on a beautifully chosen device. Mr. Sherwood has the disconsolate and tragically torn Lincoln find the son of two Oregon-bound pioneeers dying. The mother begs him to pray for the life of the child, and Lincoln, fumbling at first with the words, finds himself in the climax to this almost painfully moving scene—"For he is an American, he has a right to see the plains and the mountains, to know freedom and dignity."

Abe Lincoln, in Mr. Sherwood's play, is literally and exactly the voice of the American people. As he develops, he comes more and more to express their hopes and dreams, their simple and profound faith in democracy, in free government. Mr. Sherwood shows Abe Lincoln as the instrument of the American masses.

And not only Mr. Sherwood—but Raymond Massey. Few actors bring to the creation of a role so much intelligence, so much care, and so much passion as Mr. Massey brings to the noble role of Abraham Lincoln. For he not only has the details right—the awkward gait, the curious gestures, the slow, painful speech, the quick flash of wit, but he understands the tragic contradictions, the basic approach of Lincoln to the people. Mr. Massey, through some miracle of make-up, even looks like Lincoln, and by the end of his performance, the audience can hardly resist feeling that he *is* Lincoln.

Charles Martin

Mr. Massey's supporting cast is uniformly excellent. Adele Longmire's Ann Rutledge is a beautiful job and Muriel Kirkland as Mary Todd gives a splendid performance. Howard DaSilva and Wendell Phillips stand out among the rest of the company.

Mr. Rice did a thoughtful job with the production and Jo Mielziner caught the feeling of the period with his sets.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois is one of the historic moments of the American theater. Nothing should keep you from seeing it.

The Playwrights Company produced *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. And the Messrs. Anderson, Behrman, Howard, Rice, and Sherwood also produced the new musical comedy, *Knickerbocker Holiday*. The contrast is simply appalling. It isn't just a question of the left hand knowing not what the right hand doeth. The Playwrights Company is decidedly a house divided against itself, and I'll string along with Abe Lincoln in stating that no producers' association can long endure, half progressive and half reactionary.

Of course, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* is serious drama, and Maxwell Anderson's book and lyrics for *Knickerbocker Holiday* are supposed to be funny. People do laugh at his little jokes. I heard them. Guffaws from gents in white ties, pretty titters from ladies sporting ten bucks' worth of orchids in their golden hair.

But I didn't laugh. For I think calling the New Deal fascist is a poor sort of joke, and I consider labeling Roosevelt the American Hitler a vicious perversion.

Mr. Anderson is too clever to damn the New Deal by calling it Red. Instead he has his Peter Stuyvesant paraphrase Roosevelt, even to the "my friends"—and then call in Storm Troopers. *Knickerbocker Holiday* is no crude, slambang attack on progressive America. Mr. Anderson makes his points by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHESTERS' ZUNBARG

DECLARE A 3-DAY ARMISTICE
Call a truce on city cares and make reservations, pronto, for a rejuvenating ARMISTICE DAY WEEKEND here. Big doings. Many diversions. Write for special rates—or fone FAllsburg 53.
Open All Year **WOODBOURNE, N. Y.**

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
Pleasurable retreat for rest and solitude, among scenic hills of Westchester Co. Hotel with camp activities, 100-acre estate, private lake, sports, horseback riding, golf nearby, 30 miles from city, excellent cuisine, reasonable rates.
Open All Year
ARMONK VILLAGE 955

When in Lakewood Be Sure to Visit Your Comrades At Their Rendezvous
THE ROYALE
708 Princeton Ave. Lakewood, N. J. Telephone: Lakewood 1146
Our New Annex Assures You of Added Social and Sport Facilities
SONIA GELBAUM ANNA BROUDE
A UNION HOTEL

THE LAKE VIEW
is preferred for choicest location, homey atmosphere and excellent cuisine. Moderate Rates.
59 MADISON AVENUE
Lakewood, N. J.
Tel. Lakewood 287 or 963
ANNA EPSTEIN

CAMP NITGEDAIGET
ON-THE-HUDSON
BEACON, N. Y. Phone: Beacon 731
ALL SPORTS
Hotel Accommodations: Per week $17—Per day $3
City Office: FOrdham 4-0664. Transportation: ESplanade 8-5141 (Or by N. Y. Central R.R.)

Enjoy a New Thrill!
VACATION AT
TRIPLE LAKE DUDE RANCH
SUCCASUNNA, N. J.
All sports. Unlimited riding. Free instruction. Special attention to beginners. Open all year. Excellent food.
"The SPORT CENTER OF THE EAST"
Beautiful mountain trails. Non-sectarian.
ANN BARASH DR. GEORGE SWETLOW
GRamercy 7-3135

FOR TENS OR THOUSANDS
Complete Accommodations for
DANCES CONVENTIONS
BANQUETS MEETINGS
CENTER HOTEL
108 W. 43 St. New York BR 9-2488 2497 3707

the village framemaker
129 McDougal St., N. Y. AL. 4-1159
the mexican pot shop
Offers pottery ● curios ● serapes ● baskets ● hide skinned furniture ● and glassware.
SOME IMPORT SECONDS AVAILABLE

MEMO! Have you sent in that new subscription?

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

indirection. His lyrics are suave. His jokes are disarming up to the stinger on the end.

The whole book for *Knickerbocker Holiday* is cast in a sort of double-talk. Quaint historical details are sandwiched in between indirect references to the "purge." The Dutch business men do a richly humorous song entitled "Give Us Back Our Ancient Liberties." A pretty girl flits in and out while the hero prepares to die because he can't take orders from Peter Roosevelt Stuyvesant. So just in case the audience should miss his engaging but very sly "wit," old puss-in-boots Anderson has the cast warble, at the very end, the famous line all the movies carry under their copyright signs: "All characters fictional." But I think Mr. Anderson needn't have bothered with this tip-off for the dimwits. The carriage trade, at least, didn't miss a single Anderson trick.

It seems a shame to have to add to this review of Mr. Anderson's attack on democracy in America, the words, "With Music by Kurt Weill." And Mr. Weill's score for *Knickerbocker Holiday* is delightful. Many of the songs are hauntingly beautiful, and one at least, "September Song," will surely become a classic. Mr. Weill shows a new power in *Knickerbocker Holiday,* and a new variety of expression. I think it is nothing short of a catastrophe that this Kurt Weill music should illuminate Mr. Anderson's book.

Musical comedies are not supposed to be events of grave import. Perhaps Mr. Anderson's *Knickerbocker Holiday* makes me angry out of all proportion. And yet—in that other Playwrights Company production along Broadway, the leading character holds audiences in painful silence as he denounces with moving eloquence men indifferent to the perils democracy faces. On the whole, I think Abe Lincoln and not Maxwell Anderson is right.

Knights of Song is a fairly pleasant hodgepodge of Gilbert and Sullivan songs, not very expertly done, and a cheap musical comedy plot. If the author, Glendon Allvine, had drawn more inspiration from the impeccable taste and flashing wit of the playwright whose story he tells, William Gilbert, *Knights of Song* might have been considerably more palatable.

As it is, the famous story of the feud between Arthur Sullivan and Gilbert is lost in a welter of maudlin sighs and very cheap wisecracks. Nobody can ever quite spoil the Gilbert and Sullivan words and music, and so *Knights of Song* is not entirely a wasted evening. But even the delightful Gilbert words are often lost as a not very well trained cast and chorus frequently mouth the famous jests.

I'm afraid Mr. Gilbert would have walked out on this little opus.

RUTH MCKENNEY.

A Woman's a Fool—To Be Clever is a thoroughly unpleasant, fortunately insignificant piece about the love lives of theater people exiled in Bermuda. It's the old incestuous trick of playwrights falling back on playwrights for subject matter, made worse this time by some nasty business about a comic Negro butler.

THEY CAN'T AFFORD comedies of manners down on the lower East Side, so when they put on a show in Grand Street's Neighborhood Playhouse it's got to count for something. The latest production, *Nether World,* concerns and is produced for the benefit of five boys now in Sing Sing's death block. Adding a sort of formal symbolism to the *Living Newspaper* technique, Arthur Smith, the author, brings to the stage the street outside and the tortured thoughts of those who people it. The case for and against the five boys is presented alternately by a slick district attorney and by the counsel for the five boys. The points of the latter are illustrated by flashbacks into the kind of lives the imprisoned boys knew. The writing is erratic and the method of presenting the case through lawyers is a little too Hollywood, but there are sincere and impassioned moments, in both acting and dialogue. R. H. R.

MAURICE SCHWARTZ'S CHIEF STRENGTH as director and producer is somewhat paradoxical. Because his grasp always exceeds his reach, few of his productions are fully satisfactory, but they are all meaningful and exciting, sometimes mainly in their potentialities, because of the largeness of the idea. *Three Cities* (at the Yiddish Art Theatre), his own adaptation of Sholem Asch's well known novel, perfectly expresses the Schwartz theater in its strength and weakness. The feeblest part of his new play is the last half, which tries to put within the three walls of the stage, in fourteen scenes, a very general view of the events which led up to and culminated in the Russian Revolution. The Bolsheviks are portrayed as pretty low barbarians. The bourgeois "victims" of the revolution have their personal weaknesses but they are intelligent and even lovable, and you get to feel sorry for them. *Three Cities* has one extraordinarily fine scene, the first in Act Two, some of the most muddled political ideas of this or any season, and as fine a cast as the Jewish theater has ever brought together in one production.

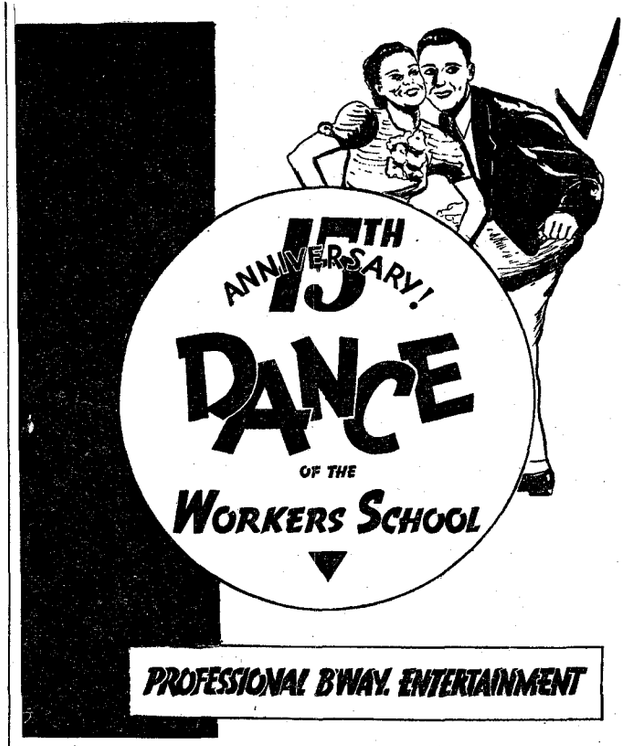
The play follows the book in its development of the action from St. Petersburg in 1912, through Warsaw during the war, ending in Moscow and the civil war period. The leading male role is played by Jacob Ben-Ami, who continues to act his favorite role, a trance-walker, to perfection. That is all right this time, though, because Mr. Ben-Ami is supposed to portray the maladjusted son of a rich railroad magnate and is a dreamy, moody sort anyway. Mr. Ben-Ami's glassy stare always makes me squirm, nevertheless. Mr. Schwartz took for himself a lesser part as head of the Hurvitz clan but he makes it important by the sincerity and skill with which he manages it. Other first-class characterizations are turned in by Samuel Goldinburg, Ben-Zvee Barattoff, Genia Schlitt, and Luba Kadison. T. D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History and Mr. Zanuck

MR. DARRYL F. ZANUCK, digger of some of the largest voids in the field of culture, has turned his pretty fellows to the excavation of the Suez Canal. For the role of stubborn De Lesseps, engineer of the big imperialist ditch, there was little hesitation in the casting. The Suez Canal, mused Mr. Zanuck to his attendant alter egos, who of all my lads can I trust to dig it? Who else but Tyrone Power, echo answered. Mr. Power will be remembered as the stripling who corrupted Chicago and made the big fire morally necessary, who then went on to struggle manfully with the frivolities of Marie Antoinette. When this failed he drowned his despair by composing most of our contemporary sentimental songs in *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. An adroit fellow and just the lad to dig the canal. So it is this very day that the lowly moviegoer can toil up the plush slopes of the Roxy and be rewarded at the summit with the sight of Tyrone's triumph, *Suez*. After scanning the gripping business around the big mudpile—the grim emotional force of Mr. Power as he grapples with Nature, as he searches among the ruins in a Searching-Among-the-Ruins scene that hasn't been equaled since the one in *In Old Chicago*, and the climactic catastrophe without which Darryl Zanuck could not face the cutting room—in this case a big dust storm—your reviewer was galvanized to action. I ripped open an old mattress and dashed down to the Black Bourse with my meager store of valuta. There I confidently shot the wad on a few shares of laughing stock in the 20th Century-Fox Film Corp. As a new if modest partner in the firm I want to make some suggestions to the management of my company.

For Tyrone's next role, I want him as Cheops. I can see him now, in his regal robes by Adrian, furrowing his brow over the building of the pyramids. We can twist history a little and cast Alice Faye as Cleopatra. It might be better for the story to have Alice as Queen Hatchepsut and we could have sort of a race between the queen and the pharaoh to see who could get their job built first—Hatchepsut's temple or Cheops' peak. Lots of chance here for snappy dialogue—the queen and Tyrone pretending they don't love each other and talking tough, but deep down they're nuts about each other and we get a big clinch in the last reel with Tyrone and the queen—what's-her-name—sitting in the sunset beside the Nile (see if the prop department can fix over those junks from *The Good Earth* into Egyptian barges), billing and cooing and looking at the little love nest Cheops has carved out of the center of his pyramid. The only trouble is that nobody ever heard of this guy Cheops, let alone Hatchepsut, and we can't have two unknowns in the same picture. So it'll have to be Cheops and Cleopatra. Cheops and Cleopatra—it has a real marquee sound.



THIS SATURDAY EVENING
OCTOBER 29th
The Grand Ballroom This Time! No One Will be Turned Away!
"Celebrate the Fifteenth Anniversary of the Workers School"

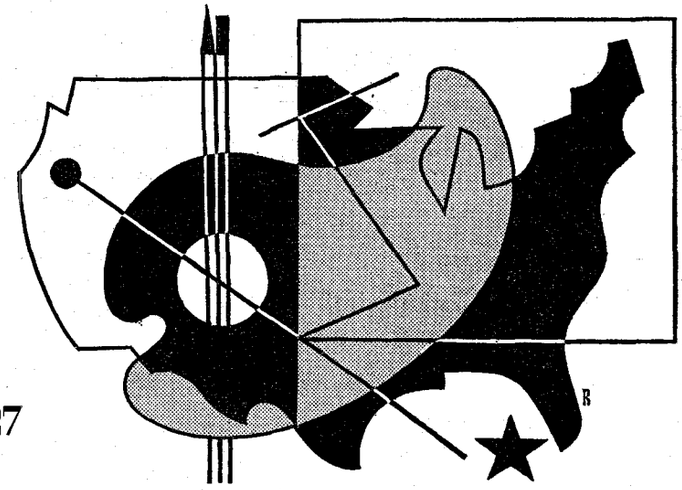
RALPH HAYES
RADIO RECORDING ORCHESTRA

TICKETS in ADVANCE ... 60¢
AT DOOR 75¢

HOTEL CENTER
GRAND BALLROOM
108 W. 43RD STREET, N.Y.C.

NEW MASSES FIRST ANNUAL ART EXHIBITION

We Like America



WILLIAM GROPPER
Executive chairman

ART YOUNG
Honorary chairman

November 13 to 27

A.C.A. GALLERY, 52 WEST EIGHTH STREET, N. Y. C.

WOMEN ONLY

REDUCE OR GAIN!
Special Introductory Offer
TRIAL VISIT $2.00

includes
Swedish Massage
Electric Cabinets
Badminton
Ping Pong
Handball
Individual Exercise
Paddle Tennis
Posture Correction
Suntan Lamps
Bicycles, etc.

COURSES AS LOW AS $10 FOR 10 VISITS

DON'T PUT IT OFF — TAKE IT OFF!

GOODWIN'S GYMNASIUM
1457 Broadway at 42nd Street WIsconsin 7-8250

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR SPAIN

Exhibition

SUNDAY, Oct. 23–
OCT. 30

AND

Auction

SUNDAY, OCT. 30
AT 4 P.M.

A. C. A. GALLERY
52 WEST 8 STREET

RECENT WORKS OF FOREMOST CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN ARTISTS

PRICED EXCEEDINGLY LOW

« BEN LEIDER MEMORIAL FUND »

A. B. MAGIL

Editor of NEW MASSES

Co-author with Henry Stevens of the new book: "The Peril of Fascism: The Crisis of American Democracy," will speak on

"The Crisis of American Democracy"

Chicago, Ill. **Fri., Oct. 28**
at
WEST ROOM, 185 N. Wabash Ave.
(22d floor)

Auspices Progressive Cultural Forum Committee. Tickets available at all 20th Century Bookshops. 208 N. Wells St., 200 W. Van Buren St., 1326 E. 57th St.

Cleveland, Ohio **Sun., Oct. 30**
at
WORKERS CENTER
879 E. 105th St.
Auspices Modern Bookshop
1522 Prospect Ave.
Adm. 25c **Tickets at Bookshop**

Washington, D. C. **Fri., Nov. 4**

AUSPICES: NEW MASSES AND NATIONAL ASSOCIATED BOOKSHOPS

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

Next we can make over all those old George Arliss pictures for Tyrone. Then maybe we can do a Michelangelo story—it'll wow the Italians and the culture crowd. We can get Barrymore for the Pope who gave Michelangelo the job of painting up the ceiling of the Vatican. We get a good twist in here by having Annabella dress up like a boy and get a job as the assistant who mixes Michel's paints. We have the Pope come in to look over the job and Annabella is up on the scaffold with Mike who has just found out she is really a girl. Mike is scared as hell because he'll lose the contract if the Pope ever finds out. Plenty of suspense here. And a real historical number, too. Why, every school kid has heard of Michelangelo. Call in the legal staff and see if the Catholic angle is okay. We don't want Joe Breen down on our necks.

But before you get going on these suggestions, Mr. Zanuck, I want to give you the perfect idea for Tyrone. What I propose is to put him in the title role of a screen biography of Freddie Bartholomew.

THE CAMEO'S NON-FICTION BILL includes a well mounted essay on Soviet womanhood by Dziga Vertov and the film *Diary of Papinin,* from the notes made on the drifting Arctic station by the effervescent and charming little leader of the four Soviet scientists who set up scientific Socialism for 274 days on an ice floe at the North Pole. Papinin, Krenkel, Shirshov, and Fiodorov took turns snapping each other in their daily routines—reading the meteorological apparatus, cooking and savoring with broad winks the compressed foods made for them by the Soviet food experts, and generally giving a quite cozy and attractive picture of the incidents of the most important Polar expedition in history.

The four heroes are quoted with laconic and sometimes humorous bits from their diaries and the shots they took explain the actual work. While they were drifting south to Greenland and their ice floe was being diminished by cracking ice, Krenkel was working his sparkgap in constant communication with the USSR. When they learned that all of them had been elected to the Supreme Soviet, Papinin's diary remarks that their little snuggery was the "only point on earth where the population consisted solely of deputies to the Supreme Soviet." They struck me as being a bunch of swell guys, doing a tremendous and daring task with the matter-of-fact efficiency of the true Bolshevik.

JAMES DUGAN.

The Music Begins

AN UNUSUALLY full music season seems to be unfolding itself this year. As always, there are the standard offerings of the New York Philharmonic, evenings with famed concert artists, debut appearances of young aspirants, and the Metropolitan Opera.

AMAZING SAPPHIRE NEEDLE PLAYS 2000 to 2500 RECORDS

SAPPHIRE WALCO

Use 2 years without changing on ANY make record! Won't wear down treasured records. Gives brilliant tone, full range. Less scratch, surface noise. Only $2. Money back guarantee. Ask your dealer. Musicraft Inc., Dept. 310, 10 W. 47th St., N. Y. C.

MUSIC LOVERS:

SALE! The world's finest recorded music. 50c and 75c per record. Regular prices $1.50 and $2.00. The symphonies, Chamber Music, Operas, BACH, WAGNER, BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, BRAHMS, etc. Mail orders sent anywhere. Complete catalog "NM" on request. Also Victor and Columbia records.

N. Y. BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
111 East 14th Street and 1166-6th Ave., New York City
25 Flatbush Ave., Brooklyn

Birdland

OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly Lewisohn's Estate
CENTRAL VALLEY NEW YORK
40 miles from N. Y., 225 acres in beautiful Ramapo Mountains. Fascinating hiking country, golf, seasonal sports, excellent cuisine. Open fireplaces, library, congenial atmosphere. Adults.
Tel.: Highland Mills 7895 Management: FANNIE GOLDBERG

Enjoy your vacation at

EAGER ROSE GARDEN

305 7th St., Lakewood, N. J. Former Schildkraut Hotel
- Winter Season Opening Oct. 28th
- We cater to vegetarians. Moderate rates for the entire season.

PHONE DR 4-3328
OR LAKEWOOD 428

LOCUST GROVE FARM

(DEDICATED TO GOOD LIVING)
Relax 'midst 100 acres of glorious country. Congenial people and artistic, homey, uncrowded environment. Informal fun, delicious cooking, nearby lake and sports. 55 miles from N.Y.C.
OPEN ALL YEAR LOW WINTER RATES
Locust Grove Farm, Sylvan Lake, Hopewell Junction, N. Y.
or GEORGE A. PODORSON, 250 Park Ave. PLaza 3-8926

MAUD'S WINTER-RAY

(amidst a ten acre park of pines)
SQUANKUM RD., LAKEWOOD, N. J.
● Excellent cuisine ● Diets arranged ● Sports ● Games ● Modern Library ● Music
Come to the WINTER-RAY for health, enjoyment and a grand vacation
Reasonable rates. Phone Lakewood 261

MODERN SCHOOL • CARMEL, N. Y.
(near Lake Carmel, Rte. 52)
A progressive school for boys and girls aged four to fourteen. Small groups—individual attention, developing initiative and self-discipline. Reasonable rates.
Write or phone
Jas. H. Dick, 53 Hamilton Terrace, N. Y.
Tel.: EDgecombe 4-6259
Modern School, Carmel, N. Y. Tel.: Carmel 334

FOR SPORTS—
"Hudson has it for less"
Jackets—Hiking Outfits—Sweaters
Breeches — Shoes — Blankets — Camp Supplies
HUDSON ARMY & NAVY STORE
105 Third Avenue Corner 13th Street New York
Call GRamercy 5-9073 for further information

Multigraphing— Letters reproduced exactly like typewriting, any quantity. Also mimeographing, printing and mailing. Quality work at low prices.
MAILERS ADVERTISING SERVICE
121 West 42nd Street, N. Y. C. BRyant 9-5053

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For music lovers who can't afford to stir much, there is the increasing musical activity of the radio. It is the latter which raises music production to such mammoth proportions. Leading the field for classical jitterbugs is that beloved little station WQXR, whose activities make 1550 k.c. a veritable oasis on the radio dial. Having a seemingly inexhaustible supply of good phonograph records, WQXR presents hundreds of hours of good music, played by the best performers, and arranged in tasteful programs. Also in the field of recorded programs is WNYC and other smaller stations which, on a lesser scale, work on much the same principle as WQXR. In the larger chains, Columbia and Mutual have been adding constantly to an already splendid record; Howard Barlow on Columbia has, for some months, played music by American composers, and on Mutual, Alfred Wallenstein has done music lovers a service by performing all of the Bach cantatas. NBC seems finally to have discovered that more people than they had originally figured on like, and will listen to, something other than "salons musicales," so, as you know, we now have the opportunity of hearing Toscanini in Saturday night concerts. But for a long while, NBC was far behind the other chains as a dispenser of good music.

In the concert field, we have already heard the magnificent voice of Lotte Lehmann in an all-Hugo Wolf program. Mr. Barbirolli opened the Philharmonic season with a dud in program making. He had Stravinsky stuck into an indigestible position on a program which offered Mozart, Sibelius, and Beethoven. The Philadelphia Symphony came to town with Eugene Ormandy conducting—not too exciting. It would be nice if, before the season is over, Mr. Barbirolli and Mr. Ormandy manifest a little more imagination. It is self-evident that the Federal Music Project has immeasurably enriched the music field in New York. If you're not taking advantage of the various programs being offered at 254 West 54th St., you're cutting yourself off from much that is stimulating. On any basis, most of the programs are worth hearing (that is, outside of the purely economic question of the low-price seats). Fresh ideas are continually being brought forth in program making, and though I'm not particularly fond of "series" which feature a single composer's works, it nevertheless affords the opportunity of hearing lesser known compositions of the well known composers.

Addenda: I'm looking forward to a program to be held in Town Hall on November 20, at which time Ethel Waters will make a concert appearance with the Hall Johnson Choir. Another double-interest program will be the violin recital by Max Pollikoff in Carnegie Hall, the evening of October 31. Pollikoff will play the premiere of a new violin concerto of Morton Gould. Marc Blitzstein's new opera (song-play?) should be along soon. And be sure to take a look at Elie Siegmeister's *Music and Society*.

JOHN SEBASTIAN.

An Honest Camera Eye

THE photomontages of John Heartfield, lately exhibited at the ACA Gallery, deserve a wide public—among social artists, laymen, propagandists, photographers, indeed everyone who can be reached by an idea and moved to emotion and action by the truth of the idea and the power of its statement. For here is a social art which does not lack esthetic attributes, but which also does not err on the side of over-generalization and insufficient observation. Moreover a method has been created by which content can be presented in a clear and unmistakable expression, not dependent on the fallible human eye and the pencil wielded by the fallible hand, but basing its statements on the camera eye, which never lies.

In this context, the last phrase may be taken as true, though often of course the camera eye does lie. But Heartfield's photomontages are cut and pasted together into the reality of his social vision, plus the lens' rigid optical sight. What he has seen is the viciousness of the Nazi dictatorship, the obscenity of a regime where Goerings and Goebbelses rule, the final insanity when a people's lives and happiness are surrendered to the caprice of a Hitler.

When these "fronts" of fascism in Germany are paraded in Heartfield's photomontages, one is made aware of the utter unreality of the system they represent, a system negating humane and liberal values and enslaving the creative impulses of humanity. On the other hand, the coldness, the brutality, the falseness of the pictured world in which these men are shown suggest also the quantitative power of the fascist international and the magnitude of the task of resisting and overcoming fascism. It is no mere antic when Schacht walks a symbolic tightrope to balance the budget; it is an imperative compulsion of the economy of finance capitalism. These "leaders" of Nazism, set forth on a paper and tinsel stage, distorted by the lens into dwarfs or apes, are by this distortion and grotesqueness reduced to the real dimensions of their characters and power. They are seen to be puppets, dangerous and irresponsible creatures let loose on the world.

By this ideological method, Heartfield has realized the potentialities of surrealism for our time as a weapon for social ideas. It is probable that he could not have done so without the aid of photography. Superimposition of images, the evocation of space-time in a two-dimensional "still" medium, the visual representation of a standard of measurement in the physical scale of contrasted objects—these and other devices lend themselves best, perhaps, to the photomontage. If this is so, then photography, which in the documentary method has given the twentieth-century realist an instrument for profound social content, has also supplied the twentieth-century satirist with a technique equally useful and adaptable.

ELIZABETH NOBLE.

FOR IMMEDIATE RESULTS

CLASSIFIED ADS 40c a line

7 words in a line Deadline Fri., 5 p.m. Min. charge $1.20

ROOMS FOR RENT

BEAUTIFUL room for woman—reasonable. Apt. 1 C, 315 E. 209 St.—8 Av. subw. Phone 7-8 p.m. Sat. & Sun. 2 p.m. OL 2-7663.

FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT

KNICKERBOCKER VILLAGE—Private, quiet, nicely furnished room available for young man. Modern elevator building. New Masses, Box 1561.

TRAVEL

GROUP GOING to Guatemala next summer, survey native life, ancient civilization. Reservations must be made now. N. M., Box 1562.

SCHOOLS — INSTRUCTION

GIRLS! LIMBER UP! Join Dance Classes. Midtown Modern Dance Centre. Studio 507, 9 E. 59 St. $1.50 monthly. Tues., Thurs., 7-8 p.m.

INSTRUCTION IN PAINTING. Oil or Watercolor. Fritz Pfeiffer, 270 West 12th St., N. Y. C. CHelsea 3-2086.

PLAY TABLE TENNIS

BROADWAY TABLE TENNIS COURTS. (Ping Pong) 1721 Broadway, bet. 54th and 55th Sts. N. Y. C. 1st floor. Open noon to 1 A.M. CO. 5-9088. Two tournaments weekly at 9 P.M. Tuesday Handicap. Friday Open Class A tournament. Expert instruction available.

HALL FOR RENT

THE NEW DOME 430 Sixth Ave., N. Y. C. The only beautiful Ball Room and meeting place in Greenwich Village is now available for rentals from Monday to Friday. Spacious. For further information please write for appointment.

VACATION RESORT

MILLARD'S LODGE
A Cozy Retreat in the Pines.
Famous for its Cuisine and Homelike Atmosphere. Moderate Rates. 423—7th Street, between Madison and Forest Avenue, Lakewood, N. J. Phone: Lakewood 768.

INSURANCE

Whatever your needs—PAUL CROSBIE, established since 1908—FREQUENT SAVINGS, 135 William St., N. Y. C. Tel. BE ekman 3-5262.

PIANO TUNING

PIANO TUNING, regulating and repairing. Tone restoring and voicing. Excellent work. Ralph J. Appleton, 247 West 34th Street. Tel. LO ngacre 5-5843.

GOINGS ON

LANGSTON HUGHES

WILL TALK and recite Friday, Oct. 28, 1938, 8 p.m. 896 Prospect Ave., Bx. Admission 21c. Auspices Prospect Peoples Forum.

ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS of the Week every Sunday evening at 8:30 p.m. at the Workers School, 35 East 12 Street, 2nd floor. Admission 20 cents.

EARL BROWDER, A. MARKOFF, THE COLORFUL CHENISHEVSKY FOLK DANCE GROUP, MARC BLITZSTEIN IN MODERN PIANO EXCERPTS, ORGAN COMPOSITIONS, ANNA SOKOLOW AND GROUP: SIX STAR PROGRAM FOR THE 15TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE WORKERS SCHOOL at Mecca Temple, Friday, December 16, 1938, 8:15 p.m. Tickets now on sale. 35c, 55c, 83c and $1.10. Reservations: AL 4-1199 at School office, 35 E. 12th St. Room 301.

MERRYMAKERS' DANCE-SOCIALS, every Saturday and Sunday Nite. Ballroom, Hotel Imperial, Broadway and 32nd St. Make worth-while contacts. Sub.: 49c.

DO YOUR HALLOWE'ENING at the Ne'ewollah Party. Dancing, Fencing, Entertainment. Refreshments. Saturday Eve., Oct. 29, 9 p.m. Adm. 35c. American Artists School, 131 West 14th St.

ADVERTISE YOUR NEXT AFFAIR IN the NEW MASSES under

"GOINGS-ON"

A Column Devoted to What's On Around Town!

Parties, Dances, Lectures, Etc.

DEADLINE: FRIDAY, 5 P. M.
RATE: 40 CENTS A LINE
7 WORDS TO A LINE MINIMUM CHARGE $1.20

Please mention NEW MASSES *when patronizing advertisers*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MASSES

51 East 27th Street, New York City • CAledonia 5-3076

October 27, 1938

Dear Reader:

For the past two weeks on this page I've been talking to you about New Masses, telling you about my own work and its difficulties and trying to impress upon you the necessity, for the assured growth of the democratic front, of building the I Like America drive from the ground up. It's important work and it's your work, so—

Get on the telephone. Don't be discouraged if you can't see all the people you want to about New Masses. Ring them up and tell them about the proposition at hand—one year of New Masses and a copy of Granville Hicks' I Like America, all for $4.50.

Then there's letter writing. That will be for your out-of-town friends, the ones you haven't seen for a long time. You'll want to be writing them anyway—about Spain and China and how you think they should vote on Election Day—and there's no better way of telling them what you think than by having them read New Masses. Write them. Tell them to subscribe.

You may be bashful, but we're not. Send us the names of these potential subscribers, and we'll get in touch with them. You know many of the 20,000 readers-to-be, so send us the dope on them.

Or maybe you know someone who wants New Masses but can't afford it. Well, how about giving a hand. Perhaps you're in a position to advance the $4.50 and have it returned a dollar a month, or something like that.

Don't ever be caught without your I Like America subscription book. With it you can nab people as you see them, and you'll have all the materials for subscription right on hand. If you haven't a book, write us and we'll send you one.

We need subscription ideas. Maybe there are some in your own experience. How did you subscribe to New Masses? How have you won friends in the past? Maybe you've got the germ of something big there. Let us know.

—use any and all of these methods. We know you can bring results.

Sincerely yours,

George Willner

Business Manager

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED